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REMINISCENCE AND REMAINS.

WHAT a mystery is infancy! We persuade ourselves at first that it is a mere animated piece of flesh, made up only of sense; but every true parent knows that, when the little being comes into the family, the family itself is ensphered in a new influence, and that tenderness, guilelessness, and celestial peace breathe around like airs that are fresh from Paradise. But infancy gradually develops into childhood and youth; the charm of innocence passes away, and is succeeded by stubbornness, combativeness, and untruthfulness, as if a dream of heaven had come and gone too soon.

Plato, in his doctrine of Reminiscence, has endeavored to divine the mysteries of our primal being. He says that all the knowledge we get through the senses is nothing more than the recollection of something we had previously known and forgotten. The material world is only the copy of an ideal one. Ideas existed eternally in some antecedent state, but finally became impressed upon gross matter; and so all sensuous things are the prints and representations, on a lower tablet, of the knowledge of a higher realm of being. In

that higher realm, or ideal world, all souls existed, and were possessed of its knowledges before they descended into this, so that our birth is only "a sleep and a forgetting." The soul comes here to be put into the swathings of matter, and be locked in sense. But as the mind of infancy opens to the things of the material world, it recognizes, one by one, the prints and copies of the antecedent or ideal state. It starts at every new idea that comes in through the senses, as if recollecting itself and saying, "Where have I seen this before?" As material images, one after another, pass before the eye and unfold their meaning, they only wake up in the soul the knowledge which had been obliterated by birth and incarnation, just as a man who walks through a gallery hung round with the portraits of friends who had passed away and were forgotten, finds the old familiar faces coming back to his memory in all their freshness and glow.*

Such seems to have been Plato's doctrine of Reminiscence, though it is doubted by some, and by Coleridge among others, whether it is to be taken in this literal way. Did he really mean that the soul had a personal pre-existence? or did he only mean that the *ideas* pre-existed, and that they are all impressed on the soul at its birth, and there sleep in our unconscious infancy, until the material images that represent them wake them into life and make them flash through the consciousness? Did he really mean anything more than Wordsworth, who interprets him, has expressed in his immortal Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood? We come into this world by birth, says the poet, trailing clouds of glory from God, who was our former home. As infancy ripens into youth, and youth into manhood, we travel from the east, and the splendid vision of an antecedent state grows more dim, till the man sees it fade into the light of common day. Nevertheless, we do not lose all tidings of the pre-existent realm. In moments

* See Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy, Vol. II. pp. 305-310.

of calm reflection we hear voices that come down to us from it, and catch gleams of its mystic outlines,—just as some pilgrim who dwells far inland can, in seasons of calm weather, get bright glimpses of the blue sea that wafted him thither, and hear the dream-like murmurs of its ever-rolling waves.*

All this is but a dim shadowing of the doctrine of Remains, which Swedenborg's system of interpretation brings out from the pages of the Bible with wonderful consistency and clearness, and makes one of the most vital and practical truths of the Christian faith.

All experience and observation compel us to believe in man's innate depravity; but, as sometimes stated, the dogma becomes fearfully black and revolting. Swedenborg brings it forth in this shape:—All men are born full of hereditary evil, but the evil during infancy is held quiescent and still. It sleeps, and during its quiescence the highest angels can draw near. They are brought into the closest affinity with infancy, and all states of innocence, peace, and unsullied love are wrought unconsciously within it. These are what beam from its features, and shape its cherubic form, and pour their music into its glee. And these impressions are never lost. More tenderly are they guarded by the Divine Provi-

* "To the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, the poet might have prefixed the lines which Dante addresses to one of his own Canzoni,—

‘O lyric song! there will be few, think I,
Who may thy import understand aright:
Thou art for *them* so arduous and so high!’

But the Ode was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their inmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness, and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet cannot be conveyed save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence, in the ordinary interpretation of the words, as I am to believe that Plato himself ever meant or taught it.” — Coleridge.

dence than the apple of the eye. They are caught inward, and still preserved, even when the vices of childhood appear. With the religious instruction which comes from parents and teachers, they are stored up within. They seem to fade out and disappear like a slowly receding star, but they *remain*, though deep under the veillings of consciousness, to be used by the Lord at some future day. So it is that infancy, instead of being smitten by a curse, or looked upon, as Calvin has somewhere said, as snakes or vipers, is folded in the most secret bosom of the Divine tenderness.

Mrs. Browning discerns this truth almost with prophetic inspiration, for the simple reason that her genius is so intensely womanly that it brings her into angelic communication with infancy. The child asleep is "lifted up and separated," and placed in cloistral sanctities beyond the reach of earth.

" We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee were the clouds away ;
'T is the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent seeming clay ; —
Singing ! Stars that seem the mutest go in music all the way.

" As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapor,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

" Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
With their diadems of youth
On the ringlets which half screen thee,
While thou smilest, — not, in sooth,
Thy smile, but the over-fair one dropped from some ethereal mouth.

" Haply it is angels' duty
During slumber, shade by shade,
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring its praises, or the tomb shall see it fade.

“ Softly, softly ! make no noises !
Now he lieth dead and dumb, —
Now he hears the angels’ voices
Folding silence in the room, —

Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they come.”

But, alas ! the innate depravity comes forth at last. The Remains recede, become more and more dim, and finally seem to have melted entirely away. Temptation, sin, hardness of heart, worldliness, selfishness in all its forms, succeed, and the angels that were “ ringing round us,” with saddened faces retire. By and by comes the work of repentance. And how does it proceed ? Simply according to Plato’s doctrine of Reminiscence. The primal states of innocence, tenderness, and unsullied love, hidden away within us by a watchful Providence, are now revived. The star that had melted away into the darkness reappears, and the light streams down on the desert with a steady ray. But not now as before. Now we follow it voluntarily ; before, we were passive under it. Now we render a conscious and active obedience ; we try to make these revived states of tenderness, docility, and childlike trust and love, permanent frames of mind, through self-consecration and prayer. No sinner is ever converted without this Reminiscence. His heart is hard until the first prints of angels on his soul come out anew, and then its strings of steel become soft as the sinews of babes.

Dr. Tuckerman, in one of his Reports made when Minister at Large, narrates the case of a criminal under sentence of death, who had stoutly resisted every appeal to his better nature, and was going to his doom cursing his Maker and his kind. The Doctor found admittance to his cell. The hardened man braced himself up in sullen defiance. The Doctor pronounced to him the magic name of mother, and that carried him away back to the primitive innocence, and all its impressions started out in his soul ; and he sobbed like a broken-hearted child, and kneeled down with the good man

and cried for pardon. Even so it is that all genuine repentance comes. The fear of hell can only keep us in external order, and make us walk grim and sullen at that. Godly sorrow is something far different. It is the stirring up of Remains as the Spirit of God flows into them and revives them, and then the celestial handwriting which the highest angels left on our souls in our infant state comes out again. The docility, trust, tenderness, guilelessness of our first years, distilling their influence over the soul with the softness of the early rain, are all brought back, and the Christian becomes once more like the little child; yea, resigns himself with infantile sweetness into the arms of God. Unless these primal impressions were carefully preserved, and stored up within us, Swedenborg says man would become a savage or a brute, and incapable of regeneration. But as it is, the tender voices that come down from a far-off past strike the key-note of his nature, and seem sometimes like the remembered melodies of a pre-existent world.

Hence it is that old men who are regenerating are always brought into tender sympathy with their early years. The intervening period may grow dim, but the primal period revives like a reappearing star. All its scenery becomes fresh again. The brook where the boy plashed and played, the old apple-tree under which he lay down to dream his waking dreams, the old oaken bucket out of which he quaffed, the old Bible on the stand, the green fields where sparkled his naked feet, and even the old cradle that rocked to a mother's lullabies, grow more distinct as all other memories grow dim.

“I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
They breathe a second spring.”

There is one very practical lesson which we must bring out, as we close our exposition of this subject. Complaints

of discouragement and want of success have become so common among parents and teachers, that they have grown into a sort of cant. There is really no such thing as failure in the good impressions made on infancy and childhood. The immediate results may not be perceptible, but the Lord's providence takes good care that the impressions shall not be lost. Even if the child becomes vicious, they are caught inward and preserved to every jot and tittle, and kept as a fund of truth and goodness to be used afterward. The parent and the teacher are false to their trust if they do not lay up these heavenly treasures in the mind of childhood; but when they are assiduous in doing this, whether by precept or example, they may be assured that no fingers of time can ever efface their work, and that they are co-laborers with the highest angels of the Lord.

S.

THE HOMES OF OUR FATHERS.

SUGGESTED BY MRS. HEMANS'S "HOMES OF ENGLAND."

THE distant homes of England!
How bright to fancy's eyes,
Across the wide Atlantic main,
Their varied scenes arise!
The white cliffs gleaming o'er the seas,
The hills of fadeless green,
The cultured fields, the tall old trees,
With moss-clad fanes between.

The lordly towers of England!
Their pavements have been trod
By those whose warm and noble hearts
Were true to man and God;—
Where Surrey, Raleigh, Sidney, moved
In manly strength and pride,
Where Russell's generous spirit loved
The truth for which he died.

The classic shades of England !
Where Shakespeare wandered wild
Through Avon's memory-haunted woods,
A tameless forest child ;
Where Florimel's and Arthur's praise
The lyre of Spenser gave,
And beamed upon young Milton's gaze
Sabrina's coral cave.

The antique schools of England !
Where hoary learning dwelt,
Where once, at Nature's awful shrine,
Great Newton's genius knelt :
O, many a ray those founts have given
To these far Western plains,
And from our churches rise to heaven
Old England's hallowed strains.

The palaces of England !
Where lion-hearted kings
Have dwelt, whose names are handed down
With earth's most glorious things.
We envy not those gorgeous towers,
Content to bend alone
Where the primeval shade embowers
Our Maker's mountain throne !

The stately homes of England !
May peace those halls possess, —
A loved and loving peasantry
Each noble mansion bless !
A continent from sea to sea
Is ours, in youthful bloom ;
Well may we spare the blazonry
On glory's mouldering tomb !

The merry homes of England !
Long, long may joy be there,

And true and gallant be her sons,
Her daughters good and fair !
Land of our fathers ! health and love
To thy bold race and thee ;
And we, — true scions may we prove
Of the old British tree !

S. G. B.

MIDDLE LIFE.

THERE is a period in the life of man which seems scarcely to receive its due share of attention, either in private thought or public exhortation. We speak of the young, and of youth as leading to age ; we speak of the old, and of age as the result of youth. We think of life in its extremes, and pass too heedlessly by that broad middle ground which stretches between the two, upon which the actual struggle of existence is waged, — that middle ground into which youth insensibly runs, while itself insensibly shades off into age. I do not mean to say that we do not use the words manhood and man, but they are to us abstract terms, that arrest very little attention. I do not think we have a definite idea of a distinct season of responsibility and work, bounded by youth on the one hand and age on the other, — a season to the individual and society at large of more moment than both the others. Youth is the planting season, age the harvest, but middle life the summer of culture, through whose fostering energy and care those early seeds ripen toward the harvesting, — through whose neglect the tares spring up and choke the best seeds and the fairest promise. Youth is preparation, age repose, but middle life is work ; youth is enjoyment, age reward, but middle life is care ; youth hopes, age reflects, but middle life accomplishes ; youth is buoyant, age timid, but middle life is brave ; youth is promise, age is memory, but middle life is performance. It is the season which detects

and separates the seeming from the being, — the season of realities, dwelling in no dream-land of the future or the past, but in the plain, prosaic, dusty way of the actual *now*. Experience, disappointment, discipline, chasten the exuberance of earlier years, sober enthusiasm, and unmask the wiles and lures and shams with which the world is full, while they teach a just self-confidence and inspire a better courage. The young look at middle life as the unwelcome check upon their waywardness, and, when it warns or reproves, upbraid it for having forgotten its own youth, while that is true of it which Southey said in his reply to Charlotte Brontë, "It is not because I have forgotten that I was once young, but because I remember it"; the old, in its sturdy manliness and onward stride, and the removal of the landmarks of the fathers, detect the pale omens of disaster, while yet it is the safety of youth, the security of age, the never-flagging ministrant to the best good of both. It is the true conservative element. All wisdom is not intrusted to beardless boys, or to gray hairs, let these each think as they may. Subtract to-day this mid-life element, and society and religion and philanthropy and trade would perish. The world is upborne by the shoulders and the brains and the hearts of middle life; — and thus it is, as it were, a separate institution or estate, with separate place and function, to be looked at and thought of by itself, to be guided by its own laws, and kept to its peculiar duties, and both from those who are in it and those who are tending toward it should receive serious and proper thought.

It is perhaps not without some shade of sadness that one comes to rank himself in middle life. Slowly it dawns upon him, reluctantly he admits it. It is no sense of growing old that teaches him, no flagging of the powers or the spirits, not even the taunt of that opprobrious epithet now-a-days flip-pantly flung at middle life, — for the "*fogy*" is not the old, but the middle-aged man; but one finds that, with the fuller flesh, and firmer muscle, and stronger tread, and truer poise of his faculties, — while yet his sympathies are all young

and fresh, while yet he waits to follow where the older and wiser lead, — the world about him waits and looks to him, pushes him forward where he hesitates, until he discovers, that, no longer looked upon as young, he must take his place in the toiling and exposed van, and hew the way in which other steps shall tread. I do not think it is pleasant to give up one's place among the young; for let young men and women say and think as they may, those of us who are just upon the borders of this new period — and I believe those who are further on — are no way forgetful of our youth, and but for outside reminders should not discover that we are not young. The position, however, is one that time and God assign us, not to be murmured at or refused, not to sigh over or neglect, but to be taken cheerfully as a trust, and to be made a blessing to ourselves and others. Middle life is not the dark and tasteless drudgery many call, and some make it. I know how dark the eclipse that has come upon some meridian suns, and how chill and drear the way seems under its shadow; but I know that the love God bears us is never in eclipse, that no path is so lone and gloomy but his better sunlight rests upon it. I know the varied sadnesses which have made the noon seem as the night. The burden may press wearily and the cross weigh heavily, still the man, the woman, the married and the unmarried, who carry into middle life a serene faith and an unselfish spirit, — things to be attained now by those that are young, — cannot but find a vocation and a sphere that shall make of it a season of holiest and best results, — results blessing and to bless. I have a word to say of middle life in two or three of its conditions and connections taken from among many, and I could wish that they might arrest the attention and be for the instruction of the young, quite as much as those to whom they may seem more specially addressed.

1. *Of Middle Life in its Character.* — The character of middle life is the character of the man. It is that by which he is known, that by which he makes his mark, that by which

he does his good or evil ; it is the character he carries with him into age and into the dread presence of his Maker. It is a mistake to suppose that the young man of necessity takes his character through life, and the theory that there is but little hope of one after thirty has done much toward crippling the energies of those whose desire of reform has faltered under the idea that it is too late. The same years that show the most marked change in one's outward conditions and appearance bear witness to the gravest changes within, and the severe self-scrutiny and rigid self-control of middle life may change — have changed — the whole man, and should be working this change upon all of us. We do not bring a perfected manhood out of our youth. We have not with us discretion, virtue, faith. The best of us have but the tender shoots of promise to show. Life as it lies before us and around us, with its trials and demands, is for the development of the best manliness, and even unthinking men expect that as the years go on we shall put on ripeness. Middle life makes for us what God himself could not give. The bright visions of youth are past. Sorrows, disappointments, griefs, have overtaken us, and we are made to see how solemn and how real a thing it is to live, — how vain and weak and ignorant is the unsupported soul of man. Amid trials and toils, the attendant witnesses of a Father's discipline and oversight, amid defeats which each day testify to our insufficient principle, our advancing years lead us. Shall all this pass us as the breeze passes the wheat-field, leaving it standing and smiling as before? Shall we not have gained some steadiness, some stateliness of character, some other reverence than for ourselves, some other dependence? Shall the old frivolity still cleave to us, — the garb of childhood on the frame of man, — the old love and pursuit of pleasure, — the old, often vanquished, self-confidence? Shall we be growing into years with all the frippery of childhood lingering about our hearts, our manners, our hopes, our attainments? Not so. Middle life is for better things ; for the

casting off of the childish and unworthy, and the putting on of the whole man, — even of the man after Christ. Saddest of all sad sights is it to see the probation of a human soul wearing toward its noon, while no deepening tinge to character proclaims the ripening within, while all things say how closely and wilfully still it clings to its grosser and meaner delights. There may be success and wealth and honor and satisfaction; the whole outward man may betray the easy content with which life is borne; but the soul that God made has no right to rust away amid such surfeiting. It cannot so waste his mercies and his disciplines. The deepening shades which each day adds to life, shall they add nothing to the seriousness, the stability of character? Our own experiences, the trials and troubles of others, the changes about us and within us, — God's teachings in nature and providence, — shall they be written as on water, and the soul only the more sodden in its short-sighted selfishness? He is missing much who allows it to be so, — missing a knowledge of himself, missing acquaintance with God, missing a worthy life, a serene age, a happy future. Life, age, the future, hinge on this middle life. The same touch of time that stiffens the bones and makes rigid the sinews, takes the elastic spirit out of the inner man, and age creeps over him in just that moral attitude in which middle life leaves him. Old age is not of necessity beautiful. All do not know the secret of the art of growing old gracefully. It is an art which middle life works at and perfects. The secret lies back there. Serene and waiting and beloved age is the result of honorable and virtuous middle life; and age, querulous, exacting, burdensome to itself and others, is the product of selfish, frivolous middle life. Whichever way we look at it, whether under a temporal or a spiritual aspect, whether as regards ourselves or others, we need to turn the energies of middle life to the establishing of such a character as shall make us profitable in the world now, give us peace in age, and joy in ages to come.

2. *Of Middle Life in its Influence.*—The influence of middle life grows directly from its character. It cannot be otherwise than that. Occupying the fore-front in the struggle, it must be that many eyes are turned toward it, and many actions determined by it. The young say a great deal against the middle-aged, and set themselves many ways in opposition; but after all they are guided, influenced, by middle life more than they know, in some things more than is for their good. The most potent implement of evil to the young of a community is a middle-aged man or woman, who has all the advantage which time and practice give to cunning, who knows how to soothe conscience and quiet fear, and when to ridicule, and how to make the worse appear the better. One such man or woman is enough to contaminate a neighborhood. Such is the potency of middle life on the side of evil. On the side of good, its conduct, its word, its act, its unconscious as its exerted influence, are mighty, and though men think they do nothing so, yet God keeps count of great things thus established. And I believe, this side himself and the ministry of his Son, there is no so potent ministry as that of a well-ordered, chastened, religious middle life, in which the virtues are trained to know their place and duty. There are influences that seem to have a mightier sweep and sway, as the wrath and havoc of the tempest seem more mighty than the steady fervor of the noon. But the meridian sun restores, by its silent, unintermitted presence, what the other disturbed; and the genial and ripened graces of middle life, perpetually present and perpetually acting, sink into the deep places of men's thought and love, and reproduce themselves. Think of the lovely characters you have known adorning middle life; recall the blessing they have often been to the parched thirst of your own soul. Think of those who have gone from us in the full power of their influence, leaving such legacies to the heart and to the world that they seem to have lived out a good old age, — perpetually surprising us as we remember that they had not lived long,

but well. They had learned the true art of life, to crowd its narrow span

“With wise designs and virtuous deeds”;

and so, though little time was theirs, they had made it yield what length of years alone never does. Is not middle life an influence, and, nobly trained in us, may it not be as one of the great means by which God will bring in his rule among men?

I doubt if those of middle life think seriously enough of this influence, especially of that which is exerted inevitably and unconsciously. I do not believe in doing anything for the sake of example, nor would I give any quarter to that indolent self-indulgence which seeks to palliate and excuse its errors by pointing to the like in another. Still, each man ought to have some thought as to the character of the influence he exerts, and regulate his conduct and his speech with a wise caution that no just censure may lie against him for contaminating the inexperience of youth.

3. *Middle Life in the Home.* — The early romance of love has died away long ago. The bride is the wife and mother, and she who dreamed her pathway was all roses has learned that to us, mortals, there is no rose without its thorn. The lover has become the husband and the father, and the husband and the father — shall we say it? — has become the absorbed, home-forgetting man of business. Middle life has a tale — O, how different from what love fancied! Care and toil have come, and they have drawn sharp, deep lines; but sharper, deeper, those that selfishness and neglect and exacting have graven. The home of middle life, — that which might realize the idea of Paradise, — it looks, too often, faded, and sad, and cursed, as did Eden when Eve's guilty step had left it empty. The place where sober experience meets in love the untutored enthusiasm of youth, where youth flings wide its affections susceptible to the best impressions, alas! how are its opportunities and capabilities sacrificed to grosser,

lesser demands, which make of the middle-aged mother a care-worn domestic drudge, or a pleasure-chasing woman, and the middle-aged father a mere business or professional hack. A home with growing children in it, with all their varying character and various interests to draw out and fix our sympathy, where is the wife we swore to cherish, the husband we vowed to cleave to unto death,—is it right to set it aside for other and lower loves? is it right to live with these as if they were strangers within our gates, knowing their faces and their dresses, and the cost to our pockets, but knowing nothing of the inner life of heart and soul? No; no;—we have strayed widely from our duty. To the middle-aged God intrusted his best earthly privilege, the shaping and building of the home. It is in their power, and it is their duty, to develop to the full its capabilities and its sanctities. The young cannot do this. They want experience; they want strength. They start in a delusion, and they need the waking which only time can give,—a waking which shows them a reality where they had held a vision, which, if they are wise and patient, shall by and by bring them into a union truer than they dreamed. The aged cannot do it. Children have left the hearth, and they are weary with the strife, and demand repose. Only they who are in life's summer can; and they are throwing away the responsibility and the opportunity, making of home a weary care or a mere convenience, repressing its affections, repelling its blessings, seeing only its outmost gift. Can we wonder at the swift moral deterioration which is coming over our generation, confined not now to large and sinful cities, but tracking its loathsome way into the homes that nestle by the wayside, and among the hills? This great American civilization is purchased at a fearful price, if it is to go on depriving us of the true homes of middle life, which are the safeguards of the generations and the conservators of the people.

I have no Quixotic idea that all this evil of this generation

can be removed at once, but I have no idea that it must be tamely submitted to. Let any man of middle life — for the trouble about our homes comes primarily and mainly from the men — say to himself, “I will make this point, — I will get and give time and thought to my home: my gold is costing me too much”; — and the evil will be removed. Public opinion is the intensified opinion of a single man; it never failed in what it undertook; — and what is there here to prevent the same success, if earnestly, heartily, patiently entered into? The example of a single man in a community is invaluable, illimitable; and the evil is so enormous and so immediate, that every man is interested in setting it. Unless the men of middle life rally to protect the hearthstone, we shall lose that brightest jewel, — Home.

I believe in the pressing and imperative and peculiar duties of middle life. I believe in the dignity of its toil and the beauty of its result, and I cannot understand how any man can have uttered a sentiment like this, which I find in Keble’s *Christian Year*: —

“Sweet is the infant’s waking smile,
And sweet the old man’s rest;
But middle age by no fond wile,
No soothing care, is blest.”

That is a most unlovely picture, and, thank God! it is not true. If there are no fond wiles, no blessed, soothing cares, the fault is with the individual, not with the period in his life. The age that needs these most, yields them most freely to him who has earned them. Our friendships, our daily intercourse with men, our homes, yield in fullest measure all we may rightly ask. Neither youth nor age is so blessed with substantial joys, nor has either such capacity for enjoying. You may call the occupants of the middle ground of life care-worn and faded and uninteresting, and you may lavish on youthful loveliness and enthusiasm all your admiration; but better, braver, more to be admired, is the spirit of middle life that unselfishly accepts its duty amid the

dust and toil, that goes serenely forward, buoyed by no ignorant enthusiasm, but with a sober sense of difficulty and of trial, leaning not upon itself, but trusting well in God. It may not fill your eye with any exquisite exterior,—it may not thrill your heart with any great or sudden doing, but the angels, who look deeper, may see under all the outward array of privation, opposition, pain, a beauty growing fit for transplanting into heavenly gardens. Plain and dull and hard and matter-of-fact may be the doing of middle life, but it is the best doing for the individual and the race, from which none should shrink, which none but the unwise could ridicule or condemn.

Friends of the middle life! It is ours to take and hold the field for God. Graciously he gives to us the name and the privilege and the post of laborers. The stern task of life is upon us, better than the dream of youth or the repose of age. Our sun nears or has passed its meridian. It is the summer season of toil. The young are to be guided, moulded by our character and influence and in our homes; and by our guardian care it is to be that the old shall repose in peace and hope. Let us feel the honor, and accept the duty, and do it all, without haste and without rest, and God guide us and preserve us!

J. F. W. W.

HOME MUSIC.

It seems to me that there are few things more calculated to harmonize the household than the habit among its members of what may be termed *spontaneous singing*. I know that this practice is in bad repute with some connoisseurs in music, as having a tendency to injure the voice for more elaborate performances. When we consider, however, the small number of those who care to excel as performers, com-

pared with those who dearly love music, and are able to sing at least tolerably well, it seems an objection which may be easily waived, as of no serious importance. Certainly, the chief value of music is the attraction it gives to home, and the pleasure it affords to the dearest friends; especially in the country, where the domestic fireside, with its peculiar joys, during many months of the year not only holds a place paramount, by far, to any other, but is to some almost the only scene of enjoyment.

Music, though often, alas! profaned by an alliance with revelry and unhallowed pleasure, is not the natural, nor does it seem possible to make it even the *forced* language of anger, sullenness, or malice in any form. It has power to melt the stubborn heart and to calm the disordered temper. It wells up spontaneously from the devout soul, and perhaps as often from the chastened, but trusting, as from the glad spirit. It beguiles the weary task. It animates the sluggish motion. United with some hymn of devout aspiration, it lifts the soul to God, and is itself true prayer. The unpremeditated, bird-like song, passing from lip to lip and from heart to heart, caught up by parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, how dear it is! It might not please the scientific ear; but it is heart-music, and it binds and fuses together those from whom it springs, and sheds an odor of love throughout the dwelling. It ushers in the daily task with cheerfulness, and sends the weary to rest at night with the blessing of peace on their eyelids; and through the varied scenes of the day the frequent strains of sacred harmony, like ejaculatory prayer, keep the spirit of the child within the felt presence of the Heavenly Father, and give a foretaste of that blessed time, when, as the Christian humbly hopes, his voice will blend with those of the angels in the diviner harmonies of heaven.

M. W.

PRINCIPLES PRACTICAL.

A SERMON BY REV. THOMAS HILL.

1 Cor. xiv. 26:—"Let all things be done unto edifying."

IN these words the Apostle implies that nothing is of value, nothing is useful, unless it can be used, or applied to practice: the practical is alone valuable. "Let all things be done unto edifying," says he; and again, "Forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." Those who accept this doctrine of the Apostle, and make it their distinctive opinion that usefulness is the highest aim of man, and the only test of the value of knowledge and art, are called sometimes utilitarians, sometimes practical men. But the admission of one truth into the mind is not always sufficient to give wisdom, and this doctrine, that all things are to be done unto edifying, is very often misunderstood and misapplied by those who accept its truth. It has, in all ages, been said that Paul's writings contain things likely to be wrested to the destruction of the reader; and I believe this doctrine of the supreme importance of the practical may be thus wrested. Let all things be done unto edifying. But what is edifying? What is of practical value? What do we mean by use?

The answer to these inquiries will vary according to the views taken of the ends of life. For all will concede that by *practical*, or *edifying*, we mean that which is useful, and by useful we mean that which will help us attain our ends. According to the ends which we have in view, so will our estimates of the useful or practical differ. The man whose thoughts are habitually confined to material interests will consider nothing practical unless it can be used for mechanical, agricultural, commercial, or pecuniary purposes. The arts of life, the handicrafts and trades of men, are, to such a one, the real things of life; and he understands by edifying,

only that which will build up his fortune or which will strengthen his natural body.

Other men may have chosen some profession, some study, or some art, and have become so much attached to it, that its interests are the most prominent in their view, and the idea of utility will be to them connected with these chosen ends. To the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman, those things appear useful which help them in understanding their duties, or which throw light on the special subjects of their study. To the teacher, that is useful or practical which enables him to teach more effectively, and to exert a more potent influence over his pupil's character. To the artist, that is useful which gives him a clearer understanding of the principles of his art, and enables him to express, by his picture, his statue, his melody, or his verse, the emotions which he feels.

But, what does the Apostle mean by *edifying*? What is it which all men should acknowledge to be practical, valuable, useful? What is the Apostle's view of the end and aim of life? He tells the Corinthians, that he desires their perfection; he exhorts them to be reconciled to God; he exhorts other converts to be imitators of God as dear children. And when he says, Let all things be done unto edifying, I doubt not that he means unto spiritual edifying, — Let all things be done unto the building up of yourselves as perfect men in Christ Jesus.

To all men, of whatever calling in life, there is one end above all other ends. Our relations to God are our highest relations, and our duty to Him is supreme duty, demanding of us to cut off the right hand sooner than to fail in performing it. The highest end of life is, therefore, to be reconciled to God, to bring our own will into sweet consent with God's will, to bring the heart into unison with God's holiness, to lift the mind up to the height where it shall be cheerfully guided by God's wisdom. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God"; and there is no aim in life so high, none so

worthy of being kept constantly in view, as this, that we be imitators of God as dear children.

To the Christian in whom this holy purpose is formed, there will be no other meaning of the words *practical*, *edifying*, and *useful*, worthy of consideration in comparison with that meaning which refers to the attainment of this spiritual end. Nothing is useful to the Christian which does not, directly or indirectly, tend to spiritual growth, — to edification in the sense of building up the Christian character, in himself or in others. To the Christian these spiritual ends are so much more important than all other ends, that he habitually has them in mind ; and that fact modifies and controls the tone of his thought, and determines the estimate which he puts upon all words and upon all things.

There is frequently a demand made upon the teachers and the superintendents of common schools, that they should give to our children practical knowledge. A distinction is continually drawn between mere theoretical, or book knowledge, and practical information. We are asked to give the child such knowledge as will be useful, such as it can at once apply to the daily business of life. If the pupils of our schools fail, in any degree, of being able to solve instantaneously such questions of number, weight, and measure as occur in the ordinary business of life, it is often inferred that the teaching they have received has not been practical, that the knowledge they may have acquired is not useful knowledge. But what is useful knowledge, what is practical teaching, for a people who hold that faith in Jesus Christ, love to Almighty God, and charity towards our fellow-men, are the only intellectual and spiritual attainments which shall have an eternal and ever-increasing value ? To be able to solve readily the ordinary questions of business, is of great value, if we judge the whole by merely a worldly eye. But so soon as we take a wider view of books and things as they really are, and look at the world with a Christian's eye, then this so-called practical knowledge becomes, at best, of the slightest use.

What, then, is practical knowledge, in the true Christian sense? I answer, the knowledge of principles, — the knowledge of principles, whereby I can gain a clearer understanding of the laws of the material world, a clearer perception of the infinite wisdom of Him who made all things in number, weight, and measure; that is practical and valuable, because it edifies, enlarges, and strengthens my soul, and lifts it toward the Infinite Wisdom. I answer again, the knowledge of principles, — whereby I can understand more fully the development of human thought and action, see the interdependence of events, trace the purposes of God in the course of his providence, and learn to trust and to adore his guiding hand; that is useful knowledge, practically helping me in attaining the great end of my life. I answer again, practical information is that which gives me principles whereby I can understand better the workings of my own soul, see more clearly my relations to the Infinite Spirit, and feel more deeply the infinite love in which He has made all things work together for good towards them that love Him.

I answer again, practical knowledge consists in a perception of those high truths and principles which lift the heart above the sphere of passion and of prejudice, purify and hallow the affections, and supply the will with those motives of immeasurable weight by which it is brought to consecrate itself with unalterable purpose to the service of God.

In short, the most purely and highly theoretical is the most truly practical; while the merely practical, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the most nearly useless in the truest sense of the word. The knowledge of details does not imply a knowledge of principles, but the thorough knowledge of principles gives at once the capacity to understand all details. A child who is simply taught that it must not do this, and must not do that, may be thoroughly instructed in all the details of its routine of daily duty, and yet be utterly lacking in the knowledge of Christian principles, and in the gifts of a Christian heart. But, on the contrary, a

careful instruction in the spiritual meaning of the ten commandments, a devout infusion of the great principles of Christian morality into the child's heart, will enable him to dispense with all special instructions as to conduct, will make him a law unto himself; and a holy, righteous, and beneficent life will flow out from his heart, as naturally and inevitably as the flowers and fruit will appear upon a healthy, vigorous tree planted by the river-side.

Wherefore, I would commend to you, brethren, a cordial obedience to the Apostle's precept, "Let all things be done unto edifying." Whatever else we seek for ourselves or for our children, let us above all things seek the clearest knowledge of the great principles or fundamental thoughts on which God governs the world and men that dwell therein; — knowing that this is the knowledge which will be most likely to give us a clearer apprehension of his infinite wisdom, a deeper sense of his infinite love, a more devout reverence for his holy purposes, — knowing that that alone is of value to the immortal spirit which can give it strength to overcome temptation, to keep the precepts of Jesus, and to rise by his grace into communion with God. Unto him let us lift up our hearts as we "covet earnestly the best gifts."

PRAYER.

O Thou who givest wisdom liberally to those that ask of thee, grant us, we beseech thee, the continual guidance of thy Holy Spirit; reveal to us the treasures of knowledge and of wisdom that are hidden for us in Christ Jesus, and may we so read the blessed volumes of thy word and of thy works as to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent, and in that knowledge find eternal life. And not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory. Amen.

CONSTANT DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

THE story has recently been told of a little boy, who, when directed to pray morning and evening, replied, "I will pray to God to take care of me through the night, but I think I am strong enough to take care of myself by day."

This little boy was not alone in his self-confidence, and insensibility to the need of higher guidance and protection. How many children of riper years virtually say the same thing, though not in the child's artless words! How necessary to us all is "the frequent night," in leading us to long for and to seek the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd! Through the bright, active hours of the day, in his real or fancied strength, the little boy rejoiced in his self-reliance; and, when power or means of his own failed him, found sufficient aid in the superior strength, skill, and resources of parents or friends. When, however, he laid his tired limbs on the bed of rest, saw the darkness gathering round him, and knew that the eyes of all the household were about to be closed in a like unconsciousness with his own, he felt that it was not unmanly to seek the protecting care of Him "who never slumbereth nor sleepeth."

So is it often with man, who, in the full tide of health and outward blessings, finds it difficult to realize how small, how absolutely nothing, is his own independent power. Very beautiful is it when the young heart gives its fresh and warm affections to the Holy One. Precious is the thanksgiving of the prosperous and happy, who have not waited till the trials of life force them to seek a safe retreat; whom the sunshine draws with persuasive power, before the storm arises to drive them to the arms of the Father. So should it ever be; and the grateful, filial spirit will be satisfied with nothing less. There is much danger that those who have no love for the Giver of all their joys in the day of outward prosperity, will not receive the chastenings of his hand in a right spirit.

Yet, as it has been truly said, "Heaven is best discerned through tears," so perhaps it is equally true that no one fully realizes his need of an Arm stronger than his own on which to lean, until he has learned the lesson through the deep experience of some hour when all human aid has failed, and the opening heavens have, as it were, shown him the visible hand of God. Blessed is he then, if the clear eye of adoring faith can discern the tender love of the Father, transcending even the power of the Omnipotent! blessed if in that fearful hour he find himself no stranger to the Being who alone is "mighty to save" from the impending stroke, or to sustain, should it be permitted to fall!

M. W.

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. V.

CHRISTIANITY was originally a doctrine of the Spirit, as Father, Guide, and Judge of the soul; and its author did not ordain any organization of his disciples to be identified with it. But man is a social being, and first the gatherings together of two or three in the name of Jesus grew into social organizations; then, these little societies, which had called themselves churches, were recognized by the state, and made into one grand organization, — later called the Roman Catholic Church. But these organizations originated in the will, often unenlightened, sometimes perverted, of imperfect human beings; and in about sixteen centuries the corruptions of the Roman Catholic organization were so multitudinous, that the Spirit was hindered, or at least men's access to the Spirit was hindered, by a mass of superstitious practices.

Then the human mind, in the person of Luther and his friends, began to react, and the Spirit of God, invoked by a

mighty faith, "made all things new." The great Roman Catholic organization was replaced, in the most active nations of Europe, by many others, more or less freed from corruption, and giving more or less room for spontaneous action of faith in the light of reason. But a century more passed away, and these *Protestant* churches, as they were called, had grown, in their turn, to be hinderances to the spontaneous action of the soul, in answer to the drawings of the Father; and then it was that George Fox, and a little later William Penn, made an era in the history of Christianity in the world, by asserting that there was no need of any organization of society, to form a medium between the Spiritual Father and the children of men, in order that they might become children of God; and that this was precisely what Jesus Christ had taught. Every human soul, they said, was equally near and dear to God. To every one he communicated his will, making himself manifest in love and reproof. They inveighed against hierarchies and *ordained* ministers of religion, as hinderances to men's hearing this inward, ever-speaking voice of God; and in fervid speech they made known what they believed to be God's immediate communications to themselves, calling upon all men to look into their own spirits, and see whether God did not speak to them also. Multitudes in the priest-ridden world answered to this call, and for twenty-five years the apostles of this doctrine went over the world, especially over England and the American Colonies, gathering converts out of all the organized churches in Christendom.

But for defence against those organizations that opposed them, there insensibly grew up an organization of these Protestants of Protestants, though without hierarchy or distinction of clergy and laity,—not for the purposes of instruction (since God manifested in consciousness and the Bible was all-sufficient for that), but for order in the meetings, and a mutual passive defence of each other, including care of the material circumstances of the persecuted, and

their families. "Our organization," said William Penn, "is not for doctrine, but for order."

For meetings had been suggested by Jesus Christ, and his words, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, I will be in the midst," implied that men needed each other's counsel in order rightly to ask of the Father what they wished. For a single human being is liable to one-sided thought, feeling, and action. This warping of egotism is to be counteracted by association of persons, whose idiosyncrasies may neutralize each other, and who may thus indirectly aid each other to a purified and unperverted state of mind, that shall not mistake its own vagaries for God's communications.

The plan of a Friends' meeting is to gather themselves together in some unpretending edifice, (in earlier times it was occasionally in the open air,) where they may sit in silence, with prayerful minds, in the faith that to such humble waiting upon the Lord his spirit will manifest itself in love or reproof. The voice of prayer and preaching will break forth from some, into whose minds may come a persuasion that they are called to tell the others the suggestions of the Spirit to themselves. Any person in the meeting, even a stranger may pray or preach. But if, in the course of time, some one is found especially edifying, he is declared by the meeting "an acknowledged minister," and if he shall feel prompted to go abroad, and call meetings, or preach and pray in meetings already called anywhere else, the meeting gives the individual in question a note, testifying to his or her gifts. For the Friends do not recognize male and female in Christ; but regard all the members of their meetings simply as souls before God. That all these things may be done decently and in order, the meeting of a particular locality assembles every month, to consult upon matters pertaining to the organization. The place where they worship on Sundays is also the place of these monthly meetings, and there they transact all the business of mutual watch, care, and general interest.

But their mode of procedure is very peculiar, — quite un-

like that of any other body of people; and they consider it to make, in form and principle, a Christian organization, or what is called in the New Testament a Church.

They do nothing but in love and truth, which they consider one in power. For example, some one moves that something should be done or said, declaring that he or she believes that this is the suggestion of the Spirit;—it may be the approval of a minister; it may be the appointment of a clerk, or of overseers of the poor, or of treasurers of the money contributed or solicited for the maintenance of the organization, or the relief of the poor, or to afford travelling expenses to ministers not able to bear their own costs. But whatever is the thing suggested or proposed, the whole meeting is to take it into their minds and ponder it, and if any one declares that he or she is not *in unity* with the suggestion, the thing *does not go forward*. Nothing is done, therefore, by majorities or minorities. The *solidarity* of the meeting, called, in Friends' phrase, *the weight*, is alone considered to be the voice of God.

An extract from a work of one of the Friends* will perhaps make this very peculiar point clear, and show the principle of discipline to be independent of the individuals by whom it is expressed: "The whole structure rests on the principle of (pure, disinterested) love. The whole disciplinary power of the society is the operation of love drawing the minds of the members into oneness of feeling, and producing general concurrence of action respecting any subject or case that may occur. For the divine gift, or spiritual principle, is the same in its nature in every mind, and all who are gathered into it will come to have a feeling and sense of what the judgment of truth is in particular cases. . . . Every mind may not see with equal clearness, but the judgment of truth, being unfolded in its own wisdom and gentleness, *will be owned* by all who have any spiritual sensibility,

* Cockburn.

and produce a general concurrence. Those individuals who are most centred to the principle of truth may see with more readiness or more clearness than others of their brethren, and become organs of expression in regard to what is best to be done in particular cases; but they do not acquire any separate or superior power over their fellow-members by the discharge of a duty, which, for the time, renders them the servants of all. . . . It must not be supposed that the active individuals (or speaking members) have any more power in discipline than silent members. It is not the expression or speech that governs, but the union and concurrence of the meeting. The active members are called *the weight*, only because through dedication and faithfulness they are instrumental in *opening the current of unity*. The weight of the active part, therefore, is in exact proportion to the concurrence and unity of the body. Active members, standing separate from the unity of the body, cannot have religious weight or usefulness. In a private capacity, every one has a right to his own views; but as members of disciplinary meetings, the views exhibited which obtain general concurrence are alone decisive. For all religious weight resides in the principle of Truth, and can only be partaken of by individuals, and diffused over meetings by the attention and faithfulness of all to the operation of the Spirit."

That an organization on this principle of discipline will have peace as long as members are faithful to it, is obvious. The question will arise, whether it will have an ever-renewing life? And the answer is, that no organization can have that necessarily. Organization is an instrument, not a power. There is nothing in this one to *prevent* an everlasting inflow of life, since an individual whose expression of truth does not "open the current of unity" at one time, because the meeting is cold, may do it at another when it is more alive. If the meeting does not see to go forward at one time, it may at another. Opposition takes no other form than "not to go forward *now*." When the

whole are inspirited to go forward, the progress will admit of no falling back.

Such is the ideal of the matter; but it is certainly true, that, since the organization of this discipline, the Friends have merely held their own, and not made many converts. They ceased to be an apostolic church in the world when they became a conservative one. When they ceased to be apostolic, they ceased to be persecuted; and when they ceased to be persecuted, they made less deep draughts upon the Spirit. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." The Friends have experienced the truth of this benediction in their rise; and it is illustrated no less in their decline.

For their spiritual discipline produced in them a self-respect and self-control, which has operated also to give them great worldly prosperity; and this worldly prosperity has had its disadvantages. In Old England, in New England, and in Philadelphia, the Friends have become rich enough to experience the difficulty of entering the kingdom of Heaven. Prosperity produces acquiescence in prevailing modes of thought and action. The Friends in Old England are as conservative as the Established Church; and, in the course of two hundred years, their doctrines have assimilated; they are full as superstitious about the letter of Scripture, and as tenacious of the theological formulas of original human depravity, divine trinity, and vicarious atonement, as the Evangelical Episcopalians. But some meetings in Philadelphia, and a large number (the majority) of Friends in America, have retained more of the ancient liberty of George Fox and William Penn; and just about the time that our saintly friend felt himself called to minister the Word, a separation was taking place, in consequence of the denial of Elias Hicks's liberty of speaking, when, on an authorized visitation in Philadelphia, he proposed to renew the antislavery action of the society, which had grown slack since they had

abolished slavery from their borders. He proposed Friends entering into the plan of not consuming articles manufactured by slaves. It is true, another pretext for the disallowance of his liberty was sought and found in the interpretation of some of his theological expressions as heretical, an interpretation which he and his friends never admitted. What is certain is, that the principle of discipline, as above stated, was violated by those who opposed Elias Hicks. There never was a *solid* expression of the *weight* of any meeting against him; his opponents *went forward* when the current of unity was not complete. Elias Hicks did not violate a single principle of the society, that George Fox and William Penn acted upon.

But when his friends in Philadelphia, who were very much stirred in spirit by this anomalous action against him, found themselves also silenced, arbitrarily, by the elders, whenever they rose to speak in the meetings, one of their number * proposed that they should withdraw in peace from the meetings which had become so anomalous; and thus originated one or two new meetings in Philadelphia, which were nicknamed by their opponents Hicksite. It was a more peaceful than patient disposition which had prompted to this step. They were the majority, and should have held their ground, and endured the contradiction. The Green Street meeting experienced no separation, because it had all stood for Elias Hicks, and the ancient discipline of love and truth, as manifested in their souls, not as written in creeds.

Out of Philadelphia, the American meetings generally sympathized with Elias Hicks, and the so-called Orthodox minority made separate meetings, except in New England, where all the bodies went in a mass against him, as they did in Old England too, in consequence of the suspicion of Unitarianism with which he was charged. But all the Orthodox Friends in Europe and America added together make the minority of Friends.

E. P. P.

* The late Dr. Parrish.

GOD, THE DIVINE MAN.

GENESIS i. 26, 27 : — "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own image."

MATT. vi. 9 : — "Our Father who art in heaven."

NEXT to the conviction of our own existence, there is none of deeper importance than that of the existence of God. From its earliest acceptance, it forms our inmost emotional and intellectual link with the moral, and, in fact, the physical universe; being indeed the corner-stone of all our theories of the philosophy of life and its issues. A correct idea of God may be said to represent the grand centre towards which all our facts and our conceptions, not only of theology but of science, not alone of speculation but of practical life, continually tend, and around which they are either arranged in beauty and order, or strewn in wreck. The duty, then, of every one thoroughly awake to the dignity of a human destiny, is to investigate this great theme, with the candor, earnestness, calmness, which are necessary to sane conclusions and to a true faith. He only who thinks rightly on the subject of God can be said to stand within the circle of a true religion. Above all does it behoove every man, deporting himself as one born in a Divine image, to forbear returning a babbling, hasty, rote-learned answer to the question of God.

What do we mean by the name God? Do we apply this appellative to Matter, to Life, or to Cause? Do we use the term Deity to designate merely the sum total of all the entities in the universe? or again, the Life which fills them? or thirdly, a supreme spiritual Personality?

The first of these doctrines, which teaches that the sum total of the universe is God, is, as we all know, called Pantheism; and is evidently a merely verbal solution of the matter. The Pantheistic idea ignores, in fact, the whole inquiry, stopping it precipitately short: substantially the

Pantheist says, "Are you seeking for God? Cease your search, and let us agree to call nature God."

And the second doctrine, which identifies God with the universal principle of Life, is only a modification of the Pantheistic thought, and is subject to the same objection; namely, that it evades the real issue, which is not a question as to the existence of nature, or of a vital principle, since these no one virtually denies, but it is a study of the evidences of some existence in the universe *beside*, over and above, or transcending these. Hence, practically, Pantheism has always been considered tantamount to Atheism: the common sense of the race holding, rightly, that to see no God except matter and its forces, is in fact to see no God at all.

We come, then, to the third, and by far the most important idea on this subject,—the belief in a personal God. To explore it properly, we cannot too carefully define this faith. It asserts, to state it briefly, that God is an Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent Person,—an Infinite and Uncreated Man.

Our cardinal inquiry concerns, first, the fact of God's *personality*, and the proofs of this fact are drawn from human experience, from outward nature, from the various religions of the world, and from Christ.

Our experience teaches that the attributes of God, Wisdom, Beauty, Love, Power, Justice, are always found attached to some personality or form: they are merely the names of *personal* qualities. "There are no such things in the universe as Wisdom, Love, Power, existing by themselves and in themselves, and without reference to the person that is wise, loving, or powerful." And so, too, our worship must have a form.

"Divineness must become personal before the knee can bend and the homage of the spirit can be given. We cannot adore except a person." To assert, with the Rationalist, that Deity has neither form nor image by which the

mind can grasp Him, is to proclaim God to be an unknown God,—for the mind can form no idea of a Being to which it can attribute no *form*; it gazes upon emptiness and grasps at a shadow! To think only of Omnipotence, Wisdom, Love, is to think, not of God, but of empty words,—of a mere bundle of abstractions; the terms are meaningless till we connect personality with them. And that personality, as God's manifestation, must be the human form, whatever else beside it may be. *For there is no form higher than the human.* It is only in the human form that the Divine attributes, Love, Wisdom, Power, in a finite degree, are found. "The human is a travelling form, which reaches from man to God, and involves all beings as it goes; indeed, if the human form is the image of God, there can be no more eminent form." And we can conceive of God in no other form. Nor has the past history of our race, even if traced backward to the solemn twilight of the early mythologies, ever revealed to us any personal form higher than the human. Nor has the imagination of man, in its highest ecstasy of creative power, ever bodied forth the form of Deity except as a human form. The God of Isaiah and of St. John, the God of Dante, Angelo, Raphael, Milton, is always an Infinite, Self-existent, and Eternal Man. Christ, in his deepest and serenest intuitions, always recognized the human type as the type of the Supreme. And there is no escape from this conclusion, except in some form of Pantheism, or in that crude and fatal idea of God which defiles so much of the best philosophy of the Christian religion,—that idea of an invisible, indefinable, universally diffused, overbrooding, chaotic Personality, without individuality or form, whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere,—an idea without authentication either in written revelation, in science, or in the consciousness of man,—an idea that drowns all thought in a pool of feticism!

I think the time of the forty-five thousand pulpits in

America could be profitably employed for the next ten years in simply repeating and reiterating the thought of the *humanity* of God ; — that God is a man ; that the distinction between Him and us is no impassable gulf of difference, but simply the distinction between the greater and the less, the parent and the child ; and that every attribute and quality found in God is found also in man. We, with our ideas of Deity as an all-diffused ocean of intelligence, have wandered about as far from Christ's idea of the essential manhood of God, as did the Jews, who took up stones to slay him for blasphemy, because he said that God was his Father, and yet that he was the " Son of Man."

Science teaches the same great religious truth. It teaches that all the lower parts of the creation are summed up and epitomized in man. All things on this globe ultimate in man. All things go upward and unite in him ; and all things below bear a relation to him. They are types of him, stamped with his signet. Their law and purpose is to individualize him. In the universe all below him is man, — partial, shadowy, unindividualized, unexpressed ; all above him is man, — Perfect, Creative, All-wise, Infinite. Well said Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, the true SHEKINAH is man. The universe is grandly human, is essential man. The family mark is left upon it in all the stages of its life and progress. He is the world's lord and microcosm, and all lower things take their cue from him. Even his earthly body is the builded aroma of the world !

Humanity is the primal fact of facts ; for nature is an outgrowth from man, and takes his color and expression. Lands, seas, and atmosphere are his sheddings ; stocks and stones are but the out-vegetation of hidden human seeds. The whole creation heaves with this idea and shape. Each solar orb turns on the occult axis of soul ! Spheres, planets, and spaces struggle to express their *homology*. Space itself is but a geometrical figure drawn by the finger of the Infinite Man ! This external world has no fixity ; it is only the

form of man's soul, — the soul brought down into the plane of the senses. All that we can draw from the universe is man. All that it proves is man. *It is man.*

The terrible doctrine, that heaven and hell, and all between, are straitly locked up to the life of man, has always been suspected, and the hoarest mythologies are luminous with it. But in this age, for the first time, it crouches under our hands; and petty theologies, and pestilent dogmas, and lean doctrines fingering out the love of God by the penny-weight and inch, will cease before it of their own accord, as the Ptolemaic darkness rolled away before the light of astronomy.

As the universe, then, was made in the image of man, it follows that the Origin and First Cause of this universe contained man, — that it therefore essentially *was* man, whatever else it may have been. Moreover, as the First Cause must of necessity be absolutely uncaused, and therefore self-existent, and therefore eternal and infinite in all its parts and attributes, the *Manhood* which it embraced must have been an eternal and infinite manhood, — the Father, of whom created man is the child. This Cause, this infinite, uncreated Manhood, we call God.

All the religions of the world are based on the idea of the personality, the manhood of God, — that his divinity is but a divine humanity, — that the type of his life is repeated in our lives. Indeed, no worship is possible except to a personal God, — to a Divine Person. This royal faith has existed from earliest times. The tender Hindoo, the æsthetic Greek, and the mystic Egyptian, felt this. The sacred Vedas taught this fact. The whole mythology of Greece is luminous with the absolute personality and humanity of Deity, the identification of God with man. In the Hebrew faith the high truth of God as a divine man shines clearly forth. God walks in the garden, converses with man, sits in judgment, reveals himself to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses, — is guide and legislator to the tribes of Israel, and dwells with a visible presence in the sacred ark and the Shechinah of the temple.

But with most unmistakable clearness is this highest truth of the manhood and fatherhood of God revealed to us through Christ. The Rationalist, missing the truth of God as a divine man, mutilates and vitiates his theological scheme. His notion of God, being derived from physical immensity, is of an indistinct being,—a formless mass of spirit,—whose sensorium is space. “He deduces the greatness of the Creator from the mileage of the universe, and increases his God by ciphers ranging up to quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, like the child who fancies a great man must be a physical giant.”

The way to Deity is not by thoughts of mere bulk, not by piling Ossa upon Pelion, but by recognizing the intense-ness of those human qualities which are the greatness of man, and which are no less the greatness of God, and to which matter is a servant; for they say to it, “Go, and it goeth; Come, and it cometh.” But the notion of the God-head, or of the Divine size, which the Rationalist gains from space, is only an infinite chaos.

The Trinitarian, likewise looking upon Deity as an all-diffused, invisible fetish, (just as he looks upon the human soul as a formless, bodiless ether,) and feeling the need of something more *humane* and personal, invests Christ with a kind of smaller godship,—a sort of hereditary and derivative deity. The Father he terms a “dim and shadowy effluence;” the Holy Spirit, “an invisible film of thought”!* Did any Greek ever thus dishonor Jove? We accept Christ in the length and breadth of his claims as made by himself and Apostles. He is the “Bread of life,—the Way, the Truth, the Life,—the Light of the world, the first and

* These words, as the reader is aware, are quoted from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. After all, does not Mr. Beecher's idea, as it probably lies in his own mind, approximate very nearly to the doctrine of this essay,—the grand doctrine of the divine humanity in Christ? We quote the whole paragraph.—EDS.

“Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowl-

the last, — the Emanuel, the Prince of Peace, the Son of Man, the Lamb of God." In a word, Christ is the Revelation, the Manifestation, and the Incarnation of the Father. Christ and the Father "are one." Before Christ, Deity, seen dimly through nature, through human consciousness, and through the imperfect ancient revelations, was an object of awe and reverence, rather than of clear knowledge and ardent love. He could be met only with imperfect approach and by deficient worship. He was rather a dreadful God than a loving one; and as the people sank lower, God, seen through the states of their own souls, would seem more and more awful and terrible, till he became the intensified reflection of their own passions, — incomprehensible, implacable, swift to anger, terrible in wrath.

But the revelation of God through Christ, and in Christ, meets every want of the soul. The real nature of God as a FATHER is brought to view, — the extent and absolute character of his saving love is seen. Wisdom unimpeachable is there. Power ever present, and flowing from mercy, is there. Love unutterable is there. The Father is brought near to us, as tenderly caring for us, as counting the very hairs of our heads, as stretching out his arms of protection and invitation to all who are weary and heavy laden, saying, "I will give you rest."

The study of Christ is the study of religion. The comprehension of Christ is the comprehension of God. Does the thought of infinitude here come in to trouble you? Do you ask, How can God, the Self-existent, the Omnipotent, the Infinite, be mirrored forth in Christ, the Man, the Nazarene, the Son of Mary? Remember that, in a picture,

edge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of Him and in Him. I put my soul into His arms, as, when I was born, my father put me into my mother's arms. I draw all my life from Him. I bear Him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe He also bears me. For I do truly believe that we love each other! — I, a speck, a particle, a nothing, only a beginning of something that is gloriously yet to be, when the warmth of God's bosom shall have been a summer for my growth; — and He, the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!"

dimension lies not in size of canvas, but in harmony of proportion. Remember that the retina of the eye is as big as the world of sight; nay, that the atoms of its optic threads are equal, for sight purposes, to the reaches of great landscapes, and to the indefinite mileage of the air. "Through a single pane of glass we may see thirty miles of landscape, — proving that the pane is big enough to represent the landscape; through the corneas of the two eyes, again, we do see all that we see through the pane, — proving that a flat surface, smaller than the finger-nail, is big enough for the same; and so on till each minute granule of the optical substance is shown to be an eye, and an earth, and a firmament." So is Christ large enough to reveal and mirror forth the perfections of Deity. So is Christ the religious eye of the race, the *moral retina* of humanity, painted with the sacredness, the attributes, and the humanity of God.

God in Christ is the Divine Man; we are but partial and fragmentary men, whose work it is to repeat the heroic history of our Lord, — to emerge from the life of the animal nature, — to subjugate the merely carnal or natural forces to the will, — to become "sons of men," invested and filled with that humanity which is the only Divinity, which is the type of freedom, and the Lord of all.*

E. M. W.

* "He who adores an impersonal God, HAS NONE, and is without guide or rudder, on an immense abyse, that first absorbs his powers, and next himself. What nature will he honor who honors not the HUMAN?" — *Aphorisms on Man*, by REV. J. C. LAVATER.

"In all the heavens there is no other idea of God than that of a man. The reason is that heaven, in the whole and in part, is in form as a man, and the Divine which is with the angels constitutes heaven, and thought proceedeth according to the form of heaven; wherefore it is impossible for the angels to think of God otherwise. Hence it is that all they in the world who are in conjunction with heaven, think in like manner of God when they think inwardly in themselves or in their spirit. By reason that God is a man, all angels and all spirits are men in a perfect form. This is a consequence of the form of heaven. That men were created after the image and likeness of God is known from Genesis i. 26, 27. God was seen as a man by Abraham and others. The ancients, from the wise to the simple, thought no otherwise of God than as a man, and at length, when they began to worship a plurality of gods, as at Athens and Rome, they worshipped them all as men." — SWEDENBORG'S *Divine Love and Wisdom*, No. II.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee."

HERBERT.

BESIDES the direct perception of Truth as evident in itself, there are two methods of attaining what we call belief; the one, a legitimate process from the certain principle to its genuine conclusions; the other, a process which, as process, may be legitimate enough, but starting from a principle assumed without evidence. Every one is aware of the sublime results to which the sciences of arithmetic and geometry, separate or combined, have conducted the human mind. It is easy to imagine how different the issues, suppose, instead of beginning with unquestionable truths, their problems and demonstrations had assumed falsehoods at the outset, reasoning from these with as steady and unbroken consistency. In the holier spheres of ethics and theology, where the truths and their uses penetrate into the immortal life of man, this latter supposition, we have reason to fear, has been practically realized. Some theologians, it is believed, have boasted that their system is so compact, so thorough, so logical, that, once admit a single element, the consequence is inevitable,—you must admit the whole. Rejecting, on the contrary, the original principle, you can hold the system only through ignorance; the faith is kept at the expense of the logic.

There is no need that we should ask whether this claim in behalf of any theological system can be maintained on any solid ground. It is enough to know that there is a sequence in thought, as regular as the sequence in nature; that thinking men always seek to find or to create a consciousness of harmony through all the opinions and feelings; and that this very effort, leading to such grand results, when

conducted rightly, may become the very source and support of the falsest doctrine, the most monstrous and mischievous errors. To say nothing of other causes conspiring to such mischief, let us confine our attention to the common neglect of what may be called the previous question.

The Christian Church assumed into itself at its origin, both the truths which had been earlier discovered by the soul of man, and those which had been borne to it through ancient revelations. It accepted, moreover, the word which virtually contained all primitive revelations, as embodied in a SON, not barely as spoken by a prophet, or borne by a messenger, or enacted by a lawgiver, or represented by symbols. United to this Son of God, the Church was conscious of a filial relation to the Father, of the Holy Spirit as witness and assurance of it, and therein of the life whose natural fruit is universal charity. So far, dropping the theological dogmatisms which later times have piled over primeval Christianity, we may say that it revealed simply the truths of living consciousness, connected with an historical fact out of which it had flowed into the soul of the youthful communion. But the truth in the soul, corresponding to the word embodied in Jesus, was too great for the thought to interpret, and, still more, too pure and heavenly for the life wholly to receive and express. So, when thought essayed to pronounce its theories, it pronounced what larger insight would inevitably find defective; and when faith passed from the fact over into the theories, and established these as doctrines of God, and pride, ambition, and episcopal and imperial power identified them with the Christ and the Church of God, we need no fine speculation to demonstrate the consequences: the history of Christendom is statement and demonstration. It has ceased to be God with us: the standard of truth is to each person ecclesiastical tradition. Nay, let schism break the continuity of tradition; let the authority of tradition be strenuously denied, and the Bible exalted to supremacy; yet it is by no means impossible that

this same supremacy ascribed to the Bible may rest for its support on the very tradition which is abjured. With some, we may believe, it does. With the Catholic, such a one as acquiesces in the Church and its tradition, they likewise acquiesce in the Bible and its supposed doctrine, not because God is really perceived in either, but because — they hardly know why, — really the whole is tradition.

The uncertainty of such a basis becomes more transparent, so soon as we remember the differences, and even contradictions, which have equally grounded themselves upon it. The Catholic Church, after its higher claim had been set up, was never catholic in reality. Besides smaller sects which it had cut off, — sometimes, one might be tempted to suspect, because wiser and better than itself, — there soon appeared the divisions which ended in the complete separation of the Eastern Church from the Western. Then came Protestantism. But the Protestants, bringing the old dogmas with them, soon questioned them; and the variations of Protestants, multiplying continually, have advanced to repugnances so strong, that they actually or virtually excommunicate each other: anything like reconciliation seems almost beyond hope. The Trinitarian and the Unitarian; the Calvinist and the Arminian; the believer in imputed sin and imputed righteousness, — in total depravity leaving only freedom to sin, and pardon only through faith in a sacrifice appeasing God's wrath and satisfying his justice, — and the man who believes all this a chaos of unmitigated nonsense and impiety; the soul which imagines itself destined to rejoice and bless God in the destruction — (that destruction pictured in sermons, as well as poems of the Church, and held as real and absolutely everlasting) — of none can say what myriads, infinitely dreadful of but one being in the universe, and the soul of other mould, which dares to pronounce this imagination absurd and wicked, and the God of such a theology but devil; — these, and who shall say what other antagonists, all assume in their arguments the same Divine

authority, and appeal to what they concur in representing as the Word of God. How does it happen? As the Lord is one, so the Church is one, and the truth, contained in the Scripture, present everywhere, is one. There may be different causes in different cases. But as regards the multitudes of these discordant believers, may we not say, with some confidence, that there is a previous question, which either they have never put, or at least have never answered? Perhaps even the suggestion of a doubt is repelled as an assault of infernal powers.

Nor is this all. There are not a few, declaring still their attachment to the Christian faith, who separate it notwithstanding from the authorities with which it has been usually connected. They question, if they do not deny, miracles. They consider the records, so far as the Gospels represent them, of the birth and life of Jesus, enveloped in uncertainty. They reject the whole notion of infallibility, as applied to any part of the Scripture. It need hardly be added, that they reject the same notion, as applied to the Church, in any form whatever. For ecclesiastical institutions they feel, it is probable, but a hesitating reverence. For creeds, save as monuments of thought, or indications of worship deeper than thought, they can cherish no greater reverence. To them Christianity seems the highest expression which history has yet given to the ideas of the reason and the aspirations of the soul, — divine, as all truth, all virtue, is divine; but the doctrines of the Church concerning its origin, as well as the doctrines evolved from it through its course, symbols at the best to the imagination, if not even dreams of bewildered fancy.

So far we have kept within the range of a confessed relation to Christianity. If, even with those who limit their appeal to reason and nature, it may be found that there is a previous question which they have failed to answer, we may with no less confidence predict that such a question is yet to be met by those — not many we may trust, and their num-

ber probably diminishing — who expressly disavow belief in Christ, whether they refer Divinity to a Living Power, or ascribe it to the co-operative forces of nature. With reference, however, to these later divisions of thought in or out of the Church, it needs to be remembered that the previous question is applicable not so much to their affirmations as to their denials. God, Christ, Truth, Virtue, we may not doubt, are all which they declare: whether they have taken from them anything essential, is the inquiry which their doctrines suggest. And in logical accuracy we might say this of acknowledged Christian dogmatists. But if their dogmas might be turned into negations, — if really they are but negations, — yet they are expressed and discussed under forms of affirmation. As affirmations of truth, they are urged by their advocates; as assertions of falsehood, they are assailed by opposers.

From these hints, looking toward classification of opinions, we may now turn to the error supposed to vitiate them all. The question which takes precedence of all is very broad and very simple, — Is the assertion true? To change the form, — Is the thing asserted a reality? There is never a subject to which we should hesitate to apply this first question. It is insult to truth, it is injustice and unkindness to the soul, when one says: "I would be in error with Plato, rather than in truth with other men. I will follow the old teachers, the churches, the fathers, the reverend authorities, trusting they are right, asking nothing better than they have given, safer with them than with doubters and myself."

Vain man! knowest thou that, for what these saints and sages had and spoke of truth, they severed themselves from their ancient instructors, and sometimes faced the hells of their country and church in maintaining? Thou coward! taking comfort in the confidence that all is well with thee, because, forsooth, thou holdest their doctrines, — false or true, this has not been asked, — forgetting that their highest worth is, not the opinion they held, but the devoutness, the

humility, the gentle heroism, with which they surrendered everything to the spirit of truth living in their hearts. It does not live in thee!

But to another strain. Whatever can be put into the form of interrogation, let it once have risen before the mind, ought to be met honestly, thoroughly. What right has a man ever to accept a creed, unless he has examined it, and is able with sincere intelligence to affirm, that he has put the question and received the answer? What right has a man even to deny the creed of another, unless with as true sincerity, with as clear intelligence, he can pronounce it false? Truth, only Truth, — let it be to each man his only Plato; nay, his teacher from heaven, his church, his parent, his reverend authority, his all in all. For Truth let everything else go; for nothing else let Truth go.

This same previous question, applied to the successive subjects of thought, passes at once into numberless forms. Take the cases which have been referred to. So soon as the Catholic, calling himself such, has a religious problem, if he carries out his doctrine, he has simply to ask his Church through its appointed organs. But what if his confidence in the Church wavers? To numberless souls, devout and humble as he, the claim of the Church seems, not only groundless, but monstrous. Suppose they are right, after all, and the Church wrong?

But infidelity lies in this direction, at least heresy, apostasy. Every Protestant believes he ought to let the question in, and to give a fair hearing to the voice speaking on both sides. Very well, — but the orthodox Protestant grows perplexed. Is Orthodoxy the teaching of the Bible? Nay, is the accepted theory concerning the Bible itself made out? What shall be said now? May these questions be fairly met? Thousands can answer, No. Suppose the questions cannot be put by; that, moreover, they cannot be answered to the consent of the Church; that, in consequence, a new name is enrolled among the excommunicants. Let it never

be imagined that the process is through. Error has been given up, when it was seen ; but the eye is to be kept open and sound, that it may see the error unperceived as yet. The entrance has been gained to the temple ; only the dim outline — dim, yet of surpassing beauty — of enshrined Truth has been seen ; let the glory draw the soul on, even to the unveiled splendors. The vision shall brighten for ever.

But his vision is sometimes mocked. He tells it in words of the Church, and they deem it fanatic ; he speaks it in language fresh from the heart, and they fear it is infidel. Who does not see the wrong thus done to the Truth and to the man ? Ultimately, however, as the result of the complicated processes, society develops the denials, as in naturalism through its various forms. But here also may be the same oblivion of the first question. Here may be oversight of the integral relations of Truth and Humanity ; the devout affections, the spontaneous aspirations, the conscience of sin aroused by the light shining inward, the longing for peace and perfection, the childlike humility, the glow which love kindles throughout the heart, the strugglings of imagination to body forth at once the glories of the Supreme and the raptures of emotion, — these and all kindred elements of our being may be put aside in behalf of a bare, bald, abstract reason, the thought divorcing itself from the soul in precisely the sphere which most belongs to the soul, and demands the entireness of all our faculties. Now to this abstract and divorced reason we might still pronounce its denials, if they are denials, not mere inquiries and suspensions of belief, oblivious of the question prior to others, even if not sheer presumptions. The Power which certainly produced these heavens and this earth ; which sent out the earliest ray of light ; which made the first grass or flower to grow from the earth ; which in the ranks and series of animal existence produced a first, so filling nature with works whose laws had been latent before ; — who shall deny that

he may create new heavens and a new earth? — that in this new creation he may develop laws before unknown of communication to mankind? — that he may bring through mysterious birth a son into the world, the second and heavenly man, to open the majestic and perpetual process of regeneration? — that, greatest of miracles himself, the Son might surround his earthly course with miracles, divine like his own nature? — that, thus revealing God with us, he might produce the consciousness in which we feel ourselves sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? At the least, it is not a demonstrated result of progressive culture, that a life such as the Gospel ascribes to Jesus is impossible; the assertion of its impossibility is a mere presumption; that impossibility constitutes the question, which ought to be asked a long while before the assertion is ventured, Is it true? That is not our present inquiry. We have only to say that the Rationalist in his answer is guilty, with Catholic and Protestant, with orthodox and heterodox, of assuming the thing which he is bound to prove.

The first remark with which we may follow up these suggestions, is this: The religious thought of our time is not only to be corrected in detail, but to be taken up on a new ground. Theology, truly such, is not assumption, is not opinion, is not dogma: it is fact perceived; it is reality brought into manifestation; it is God entered within the consciousness. Theology, such as it is widely current, is dogma assumed from the past, accepted without insight, and often frozen into logic or evaporated into sentiment. It may shine, like ice in the morn, or float about us in glittering wreaths; but it does not so borrow the inflow of life from above. We must unlearn the brilliant and consecrated fantasy; we must begin with the beginning, welcoming so much of truth as has really passed within our door, waiting and inviting every angel as the step draws near. There is no visitor, however, but proffers angelic service; so we must see carefully what is from God, what from idols; what

is true, what false; what the blessing, what the curse. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The second remark concerns that which we may be justified in regarding as a test of truth. A vast topic, to which we can but just point! As through the outward senses we perceive the world, and learn our own existence and relations to it; so through what may be called inward senses we perceive the spirit, and learn our spiritual nature and relations. This latter is a perception as real as the former, and as certain. This spiritual presence appears in the world, in the soul, in all history. The revelations of all ages open over us its ascending cycles, completed and living in the mysterious One whom we name God. Christianity bodies forth this boundless spirit, brings the One before us in the human form, produced, transfigured, glorified, that, seeing Jesus, the whole soul loves, believes, sees in its beauty, the presence of the Father. Touched, oppressed, overwhelmed, it may sometimes be, with the conscience of sin and the feeling of condemnation, in the mercy which streams from his celestial face it finds itself imbathed as in an ocean of light and love; in the power which conquered the Devil, and rose through death to the right hand of God, it finds the great resource, exclaiming, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." The Bible rises into truth and Divineness, as the Scripture writing out all these quickening words of the Present God. Its inspiration is not a dead doctrine, but the spirit evermore breathing into it, breathing through it, making its words alive and radiant, rousing life, pouring a fresh dawn through our souls. So, just as far as we proceed in the whole realm of truth. The sun is in the sky for ever; we see both its own light, and whatever the eye looks on within its circle.

T. T. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

RESPONSE TO THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

IN a very friendly notice of our Magazine, March 5th, the Inquirer seems troubled at our theological *status*. It thinks that our wing of the "body" ought to make a "statement." It seems to say to us "Ho! you men up there in the fog, please come out where we can see you, and please accept of Dr. Sawyer's powerful pamphlet to clear up the haze that hangs about you."

Rather amusing it is to turn to another side of the Inquirer, and attempt to get the outlines of the theology of which the Inquirer is the "organ." There is "Channing Unitarianism," and "New York Unitarianism," and "Unitarianism progressive," which of course is "*in transitu*," but whether to the right or the left, up into the serene ether or down into the dusk, does not appear. Its centre is anywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

Now we would make a "statement," or do almost any other reasonable thing, at the request of our friend Livermore. As the hungry man said, when urged to eat his dinner, "I am happy to gratify my friends when it costs me so little sacrifice."

First, then, we say that we do not belong to the "body," nor any "wing" of it, either in name or in faith, unless we come fairly in under the general head of fealty to a common Master, and love to all the brethren; and that the Magazine is not the exponent of any section of that unresolved cloud of star-dust called Unitarianism. We repeat it for the fortieth time, that this is an Independent Journal, having no organic relations with any denomination, and it was on this condition alone that we undertook to conduct it. We love the Unitarians with a superabounding affection, for we have known their generous and noble bearing, and we have sat at the feet of their Wares and their Palfrey; and as a Christian organization they have protected sacredly the rights of opinion, and thrown a guard around us in our travellings through the valley of Baca, and ere our feet took hold of the summits of the morning. And we have been true to their own best teachings in attaining to a faith which probably the great majority of the "body" would not be prepared to accept.

We are a friend of creeds. The more articles the better, we say, provided they be true, and provided you are in effort to live them, and provided you hold them in graceful deference to the rights of others. So we will make a "statement." We thought we had been tolerably explicit already in our first number, but we have no objection to drawing out our creed into any length of detail.

We believe (negatively) that every form of faith that leaves out the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, — Arian, Socinian, and all shades between, — is radically defective; that it cuts off the worshipper hopelessly from any distinct apprehension of the Divine Person, and sinks by a sure gravitation into Pantheism; and that every sect that gets stranded here will die sooner or later of inanition or Arctic cold.

We believe that the worship of three Persons is precisely the same as the worship of three Gods, and that when theology makes a mistake in regard to this, its central doctrine, all its other doctrines are false, and all its foundations out, of course.

We believe that Pelagianism, in all its shapes, presents a most inadequate and superficial anthropology; cultivating only the outside of man, and leaving him no remedy for the disease that lurks within him.

We believe (positively) in the Ante-Nicene doctrine respecting Christ; that he is the Divine Logos, eternal and uncreated, and consubstantial with the Father; and that what was then more dimly apprehended is now brought out in its warm glory and undimmed splendor in the Divine Humanity revealed in the New Church theology.

We believe in a New Church, the New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, to gather into itself all that is good in all the sects in Christendom, and out of the present hubbub and chaos to form the city of our God; and that the New Church system of interpretation evolves its three primal doctrines with logical precision, and in heavenly clearness. These doctrines are the Divine Humanity in the Lord Jesus Christ; the plenary inspiration of the Word of God, and a life of charity in conformity therewith; God as one Divine Person ever present with his Church as the glorified Christ; his Word all-perfect as a rule of faith and practice, and a life of obedience to its teachings of justice and love.

We believe that this Church of the Future organizing around these three primal truths is becoming the Church of the Present, and is to become so more rapidly evermore; that over the clang of opinions, and the waters of strife, it hovers like Noah's dove, and finds here and there a resting-place; that its blessed infusions descend into all the sects, Unitarian and Trinitarian; and that in its coming power and effulgence the good and the true everywhere will turn towards it, and be gathered into it like doves that fly to their windows.

We believe in the communion of saints, and that when the true Church Spiritual has become the true Church Visible, its communion will be such that no earnest seeker need mistake it; that one God revealed in one person, and that person the Divine Humanity of Jesus Christ, has power when earnestly sought to melt all the ice out of the soul as in the warmth of a summer's noon; that in such a communion there will be no slanders and backbitings, no ecclesiastical jealousies and hatreds, no nibbling at character behind anonymous paragraphs, no pricking with the needles of small criticism; but that communion in Christ so revealed will melt all hearts together, and have all the sweetness of angelic charities, and all the gentleness of God's grace, — "sweet as the words when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear."

We believe that the form of the Church Visible is altogether a secondary matter, always provided it be pliant to the truth and the love within, and be made effusive of the light and the spirit of God; and that thus visible under any form, the Gentiles will come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising.

We believe it to be the duty of Christians everywhere, whether Old Church or New, to put away all uncharitableness and evil-speaking and pride of opinion and love of party and love of self, — all naughtiness, of which now, as in St. James's time, there is an obvious "superfluity," — and put on meekness and justice and patience and brotherly kindness and candor of judgment, and watch for the Lord as he breaketh from the clouds and cometh through the gates of the dawn.

This is our "statement," always bearing in mind that "our" means *my*, and "we" the Senior Editor in the first person singular, who compromises his associate in none of his confessions of faith. This is our creed, and we talk it, and write it, and preach it, and pray it, and

sing it, and breathe it, and live it as well as we know how. The doctrine of Christ's Supreme Divinity is our pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day; and though it floods the soul with a light that streams in through all its dark chambers, and reveals self through all its disguises and doublings and sinuosities, and makes you fall at His feet as dead, it lifts you up afterwards, and places your feet on those summits of peace, where the scene of the bitter conflict lies far off in the valley below.

And now we hope our brother Livermore will not go to chopping logic with us, nor send us any number of that powerful and "persuasive" pamphlet, fifty thousand copies of which he proposes to have poured out upon the world. We beg you would n't. We know just what you will say, and what will be your beginning, your middle, and your end, — what texts you will quote, and how you will handle them. We know every "sound of the grinding" in that theological mill. We can turn to our own interleaved New Testament, and find the references and all the headings nicely arranged. The literal sense of the Word can be marshalled and turned this way, that, and the other, and prove and disprove the essential Divinity of Christ, just as your mood happens to be. When you have done all this, and your persuasive pamphlet is made out, we begin by rejecting your method. We say that the Word of God was not written after the manner that men write books, and that the New Church law of interpretation proves its own claims when properly used; and that under it the divine contents of the Bible unveil themselves in organic unity, and in clear, consistent utterance, and in a continuous and epic majesty, that contrast wonderfully with the janglings of men, and search the soul as with a thousand candles of the Lord.

S.

RESPONSE TO THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

THE Register approaches us in a style and tone altogether different from that of the Inquirer. It seems possessed with the idea that we are trying to "popularize Unitarianism with certain classes," and that it is not a Unitarianism of the proper kind. We are evidently looked upon as a dangerous element in the Unitarian camp, and it is deemed that both our faith and behavior need looking after. We are trying to be Orthodox and Unitarian at the same time, and in this connection

the Register speaks of "amiable and catholic-minded equestrians," who make light of "riding two horses at the same time, supposing they can be kept so near together as to pass for one." In this striking simile we incline to think the Christian Register meant to be satirical, which must have taken its readers by surprise as much as it did the inmates of a certain establishment when *Oliver Twist* "asked for more."

We will endeavor to relieve the Editor's mind of all anxiety, and discharge him of any watch and care over us. It is known well enough to the readers of the Magazine, that long ago, under Dr. Huntington, it was taken out of the category of Unitarianism and made an "Independent Journal"; that he disclaimed Unitarianism both in name and in belief, and released his paper from any supposed obligation to echo its opinions. As such it was handed over to us; and when the Senior Editor was asked to help in conducting it, he avowed explicitly to the proprietor that he was thoroughly a New-Churchman in theology, and as such must appear in the pages of the Magazine. And that there might be no mistake about it, we were careful in our first issue, in the clearest language we could find, to describe the grand central doctrine of the New Church, — God in one person, and that person the Lord Jesus Christ, — and to give in our warm adhesion to it. In our second number we did the same thing, more incidentally. In the third, in a notice of Mr. Gage's Sermon, without adopting its exegesis, we adopted its conclusion so far as it went; and we proceeded farther to define what we regarded the whole truth in connection with the subject, and it was the same precisely as we had already described as the New Church doctrine of the Lord.

Notwithstanding all this, the idea seems to have got glued into the editorial brain of the Christian Register, that, by some sort of understanding or comity, we are expounders of Unitarianism; and the notion seems to stick there more tenaciously than flies preserved in amber; and so, when we announce our beliefs, it gravely declares that they are not Unitarian "in the conventional and established acceptance of the word." Indeed! and what in the world is to be done about it? We had an impression of that sort ourselves, and when we expressed a wish that Unitarianism might be or could be such as to include what is to us a vital doctrine, we simply wished the highest blessing upon it in our power, without pretending that we were defining it, which we acknowledge ourselves unable to do.

We hope this will satisfy any reasonable mind that we have not the least idea of usurping any place upon the animal which the Editor of the Register bestrides with such distinguished feats of gallantry. With the Editor's leave, and very likely without it, we shall utter in the Magazine our own views, in our own way, and concede to our contributors the same privilege; and he can call them Sabellianism, or Pantheism, or Modal Unitarianism, or Pickwickian Orthodoxy, or by any other name out of his rich vocabulary; and, provided he do not misrepresent our aim and position, we have not the least objection to his disporting himself in that way.

As it seems to have been the Senior Editor of the Magazine who has excited such anxieties about its theology, we have volunteered this further "statement." If, further still to convince the Register that we are not engaged in soldering Unitarianism and Orthodoxy together, it be necessary to keep up with the Register a quarrel with small-arms, or return its brilliant fire of popguns, we give over in despair, and leave the whole field to the Register itself in those new and interesting exhibitions of "Liberal Christianity."

S.

DEFINING ONE'S POSITION.

A WORD FROM THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

As "defining one's position" seems to be a matter which is pressed upon our humble journal just now by kind friends and counsellors, the Junior Editor is moved to add a very few words.

1. And, first, he would beg those who are in the least interested in the subject, to bear in mind that no writer who makes use of these pages, whether he be editor or contributor, is to be held responsible for any opinions save those which are put forth over his own signature. Of course it will be incumbent upon the Editors to exclude from the Magazine what seem to them merely curious and unpractical speculations even upon sacred themes, and especially to keep their pages free from words of doubt and denial. It is their aim to put forth "Household Words," and these should be words of Faith, as simple and direct as possible. But whilst they would shut down the gates on this side, and exclude from a *Home Journal* much which might be perfectly appropriate to a Theological Review, they do feel

at liberty, indeed bound, as the editors of an independent periodical, to bring before their readers expressions of Christian thought and experience from writers of any and every sect within the estate of grace, provided the aim of such writers is rather practical than dogmatical, — provided they can show that their truth is unto life, whether interior or outward. They may be moved to append to one or another article language of assent or of dissent, or they may choose to let the paper speak for itself; but, whether with or without comment, the pages must be open, as common ground upon which Christians of every name, who are trying to think the thoughts and enter into the love of Christ, may meet, and utter each his message in allegiance to his Master. Let Catholic and Protestant, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Baptist and Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Presbyterian come, and if, in our poor judgment, *their words are unto edification*, they shall be put into type. This is not a denominational journal, as to its editorship; how the matter may stand as to the supporters and readers, the publisher can tell better than we; but if it is read and maintained mainly by Unitarians, then we say it is infinitely to their credit that they are willing, unlike any other denomination, to give a hearing to those who do not agree with them in opinion, — it shows that they have confidence in the truth, and it may go far to justify their claim to be liberal Christians *par excellence*. So much for the Magazine.

2. But how is it with yourself? What are your individual views? If the writer were not a very good-natured man, he might reply by asking another question, "What are your views?" It is a question not to be answered so easily in these days. Does the reader know of any two persons outside of the straitest sects who think just alike? We cannot answer as definitely as our senior associate. We have pretty much decided never to join any church association whatsoever, save that to which we were admitted when we signified our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and our desire and purpose, with God's grace, to live a Christian life. Under Christ we try to maintain a strictly independent position. Into this we were born, in this we have labored, in this we hope to die. Our Christianity and our freedom are both very dear to us. With the Christian freedom that we find amongst Unitarians, with their effort to un-Calvinize the Church, with their

protest against a bald, literal Tritheism, with their horror at the substitution of everlasting bodily torture for the Scriptural doctrine of eternal death, the death of the soul, with their large views of relations of science to revelation, with their tendency to honor the spirit as well as the letter, and with their honest determination, that, come what may, history and logic shall be heard within their proper sphere, and two and two shall make four, we do most heartily sympathize. We can live and work only where we can draw a good long breath, and speak out our whole thought in a natural tone; and we do not know any place where a man of moderate dimensions — not to speak of a Bushnell or a Beecher — can do this, save amongst the liberal folk. We fear that the sound and safe men in the Orthodox denominations, so called, would account us a very dangerous person. But if, on the other hand, we find many things in the old creeds that seem to us true in *meaning*, if not in expression; if we find great life-truths in the baptismal formula; if we accept very literally the Scriptures, which affirm that the Word was made flesh, and that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself; if we believe that the Church, i. e. the men and women who are in sympathy with Christ, is the Body which has been prepared for the Lord to dwell in through the Spirit; if, whilst we reject the popular doctrine of vicarious atonement as beneath reason and shocking to humanity, we have glimpses at least of a fact of atonement revealed in Scripture and in life, infinitely beyond any view of Christ as a martyr for the truth, and very significant and precious to us, though scarcely to be described in words, or even uttered in song; if we believe that the man who lives for himself, sets up for himself, puts his will against God's will, is radically wrong, though he may do many things called good, and needs to be made by conversion to God radically right, — we hope that we shall not be charged with trying to “ride two horses,” or with “coquetting with the Orthodox.” Is n't it just possible that we may mean just what we say? — that we have a small measure of the wisdom of the well-instructed scribe, who brings from his treasury things new and old? — that we are honestly of opinion, that, although we cannot safely put new wine into old bottles, we can put old wine, which is said by the skilful to be better, into new bottles? Equestrianism seems to supply figures of speech, and, being poor in figures, we gladly catch at the hint. We remember in our boyhood mounting, not without expecta-

tions, a horse whose unhappy fortune it was to go round and round in a mill track, that thirsty men might be supplied with strong drink which was not good for them. The animal, though emancipated from the necessity, was enslaved to the habit, and would only gyrate, as his custom had been, round an imaginary centre. The ride did not answer our hopes; it proved tedious, and the beast was abandoned in disgust. Speaking in a figure, is n't it possible that some of our friends may be riding just such a horse as that? At all events, that is *not* the kind of horse we wish to ride. *One* will serve our turn, but he must strike out freely and bravely; he must go to old places just as readily as to new places; he must stand still as well as go; he must wear no blinkers, and yet must not be ready to spring out of the road at every unaccustomed sight; he must not for ever return upon his own steps, but make some headway; and if perchance we should find that he has wings and can soar a little, we shall not spring from the saddle in dismay, and insist upon being nothing if we cannot be plodders.

As to a creed, we have not yet grown up to one definite enough to demand utterance save in the words of Christ. We believe in him and in his words. If any must have human language, the Apostles' Creed, so called, will serve us well enough, always excepting what seems to be implied about the resurrection of this literal body, — an article in which we should be very sorry to believe, for already our outward tabernacle might be changed for the better.

E.

"A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, FURNISHED WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

READER, are you proposing to buy or to hire such a house? If so, pause a moment, and let us have a word together before the deeds have been passed, or the lease signed. Mr. Carlyle has eloquently developed a clothes-philosophy, to the great content of those who are able to understand him. Is there not also a house-philosophy awaiting development? Indeed, are not the two philosophies pretty closely connected?

You mean to remove. The old dwelling is too strait, too old-fashioned, too plain, too low-studded; the rooms open one from another inconveniently; the architecture is nondescript; it would not be possi-

ble to have a furnace in the house ; it would cost almost as much to repair it as to build a new one, and when repaired it would be old still ; so you have been examining the palatial residence equipped as above, towering high towards the heavens, and resplendent in all forms of architectural glories. It may seem cruel to discourage you when you are cheered by such an auspicious vision, —and yet think of the matter a little longer.

Not that we mean to cast any suspicion upon "the improvements," to affirm that oil is better than gas, or that it is well to carry water up stairs when we can so arrange matters that it will go up of itself, or that a furnace in a well-ventilated building (if such a building can be found) may not be a great comfort in a cold day, especially if one does not entirely depend upon it. Nevertheless, even of these we would say that conveniences bring cares, and that nothing can be more forlorn than a highly improved dwelling into which gas and water cannot be induced to go by reason of the cold, which again cannot be overcome by reason of a broken furnace and the entire want of fire-places. If there is anything dreary, it is a first-class dwelling in a state of suspended animation, awaiting the plumber and the gas-man, with only a hundred names before yours on their lists. But suppose that all is right, are you to gain so much after all? If you think so, go! but let us have the old house, for we sometimes find ourselves regretting that our lot was not cast in that city where the inhabitants are said to *build* old houses.

We cannot, and we say it sadly, feel in the least at home in our smart modern dwellings. They are all so much alike that one never really knows whether he is in his own house or in his neighbor's, and we cannot ascribe it entirely to absent-mindedness, (to which, indeed, we plead guilty,) that we have occasionally been on the point of entering the next door instead of our own. There are no nooks and crannies in the usual dwelling ; the whole thing can be predicted from the outside before you enter ; you can almost tell the only places where bed, bureau, and wash-stand can be disposed. It is all mathematically regular, — the twenty-two by thirty-five is capable of just so much and no more. Try to vary the thing a little : — throw out a bay-window, we will say ; — will not the street be filled with bay-windows as soon as they can be constructed? Give us the old house ; and yet it is worth far more to you than to us, for though you have

learned to despise it, the dwelling has grown up about the family, and adapted itself almost to the characters and wants of its inmates. You can't make it look very fine, we admit, but is n't that fortunate? It is full of snug retreats which invite meditation; the chimney in the centre holds the whole structure firmly to the ground; the walls are low, and for this cause you can be warm in winter without climbing like a fly to the upper currents of air in the rooms. The whole thing is very unpretending, but herein is great gain.

For, consider how much follows from a removal into a finer residence. You must leave most of the dear old furniture behind you. You must devote yourself very earnestly to upholstery. That partly worn chair, even that faded carpet, looks exceedingly comfortable and respectable where it is, but it will never answer for the new house. Better send them to auction at once. They are doomed, and might as well be off your mind. The chances are that you will make your dwelling so fine that you will not dare to live in much of it. The family will be driven into one or two small apartments, for fear of the magnificence that dwells in state in the drawing-rooms. One must have a common chair to sit upon. We have seen families, that at one time had been spread out very pleasantly over a humble dwelling, reduced to a little breakfast-room, beyond which they scarcely ever ventured, save when the splendors were to be exhibited for a moment, or the apartments were to be allowed a change of air. Besides, it will be many years before the new house will be humanized, illumined with the light, filled with the genial atmosphere of humanity, made something more than four walls and a roof, by joy and sorrow, by smiles and tears, by manly and womanly and infant tones, by the wails of bereavement and the merry voices of children. If we had a house that we cared anything about, and had lived many years in, it would require something more than the ability to live in a finer one to dislodge us. We should be moved to improve it, all we could; we should attach this wing and that, always keeping as near to the ground as possible; we might remove the next house, if the owner could be tempted to part with it, but all the while we would hold fast by the old nucleus, and build round it to the end of our time at least. Our friends in the country have glorious opportunities in this way. They can do something to a house besides putting an additional story upon it. It was possible once, in the good city where we are writing,

with walls to the right of us, and walls to the left of us,— with walls in front of us, and walls in the rear of us. It is possible no longer, unless, indeed, you are willing to make two purchases, first, of a water lot, and then of a gravel hill in the country to fill it up with,—and even then, who wishes to establish his *Lares* and *Penates* on a salt marsh, and become amphibious, and turn his children out into a lumber or a brick-yard for their amusement? Once this city was full of beautiful gardens and trees; now we have granite and trade, dry goods, weary men, hurried women, saloons, club-rooms, streets that must be crossed at the peril of your life, overloaded omnibuses with their struggling horses, a city that is scarcely inhabitable in the summer and yet must be inhabited, and all this with prosperity, except in “hard times,” which are enough talked about at least! We suppose that there has been a gain somewhere, though we must confess that we cannot always see it, and often find ourselves longing for the old houses that stood with their ends to the street,— their yards and gardens at the side, the brass knocker resplendent in the sunlight, but all the rest sober and undemonstrative.

We are very serious, when we ask, Why not stay in the old house? The change is pretty sure to bring upon those who make it fresh burdens, that will spoil the remnant of their lives. It is not true that New-Englanders love money beyond other men; on the contrary, they are exceedingly lavish of their wealth, ready upon fit occasions to apply, not only inherited, but hard-earned stores, to college, school, hospital, or church. It is true, however, that we are an extravagant people, tempted always to go to the very extent of our means, if not beyond them. And we ought to keep out of the way of temptation. We ought to avoid occasions for added expenditures. How else can our merchants, whom we blame in one breath for their severe application to business, and besiege in the next breath for a gift to some pet charity, gain any time, we will not say for clubs, (we earnestly wish that these might be disbanded for ever,) but for their families, for establishing habits of self-culture. If you have money to spend upon a fine house, why not, as the boys and girls in the country phrase it, buy your time with it, so that you may live less at the store or in the office, and enjoy the dwelling which you already have? What you really want is not a finer mansion, the larger part of which you will never see, but some good books, some really fine pictures,

some accomplished teachers for yourself and for your children, — time and means for refined and refining amusements, — a fuller purse for the deserving but unfortunate. If you go into the new house, you will find that you have grown very poor; that you must reduce your expenditures in directions where you would choose to be even lavish. There are thousands of persons who know how to earn a fortune for one who knows how to spend it as it should be spent. The result is, that in most cases, indeed almost always, when the property is not secured by entail, it is lost in learning how to use it. Three or four generations complete the circle from poverty back to poverty again, picking up by the way much which is a great deal worse than poverty. We like the old-fashioned houses, the grave horses, too respectable to be very fast, the family vehicles, the sober citizens of the old times, and we would improve the old world only by adding genuine culture, and substantial elegance, — by building upon the old foundations, not by substituting piles for them.

We have in our mind's eye more than one picture of a country town once fascinatingly quiet, refined, and lovely, but now "improved" by a railroad or the like into surpassing ugliness, dreariness, and vulgarity. If the people had only been content with the old houses, and with additions after the same sort; if they had realized that our life needs to be made rich and beautiful within, rather than to be more gorgeously surrounded; if they had been willing to pay for good advice and good taste, as well as for timber and stone and paint and damask, — their villages would still be inhabitable, and they would not be involved in wretched competitions to gain and keep trade. Leisure, comfort, quiet, simplicity, abundance, opportunities for the children, every-day furniture and raiment in the old house, the modest old equipage and the steady old ways, — are not these enough for a life so short at the longest, — a life which ought not to be spent in laying up treasures and getting ready to live, unless the treasures are heavenly treasures, and the life the life everlasting?

E.

ANOTHER HYMN RESTORED, — HYPOTHETICALLY.

WE have been asked in what edition we found our version of Toplady's hymn. We can only say that we scraped together all the old orthodox editions we could find and compared them, and also availed ourselves of the very retentive memory of a lady who is an amateur in hymnology, and from all this and from internal evidence we make it read as follows; though we premise that hymnicide has been a crime so wide-spread that no one can be sure of an exact transcript unless he has the first English edition of Toplady himself open before him. We also suggest, if there is to be a revised edition of the "Hymns of the Ages," that "My times are in thy hand," on page 229, ought to be credited to Miss A. L. Waring; and that the beautiful hymn on "The Love of God," page 222, taken from "Pictures of the Olden Time," was written by Miss Eliza Scudder, who has other effusions of equal merit floating about anonymously.

S.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

"Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!

"In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

"Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,

When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

DR. COXE'S HYMN.

THE mutilated hymn of Dr. Coxe suffered fresh mutilation in our last issue, mainly because the printed copy from which we took it was full of blunders. "Road" becomes *word*, "conformed" *confirmed*, and "fevered veins" *severed veins*! Not quite despairing, we copy the last two stanzas as they ought to be.

"O wondrous Lord! my soul would be
 Still more and more conformed to thee,
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
 That burns these fevered veins within,
 And learn with thee, the lowly One,
 And like thee all my journey run,
 Above the world and 'all its mirth,
 Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

"O, in thy light be mine to go,
 Illuming all my way of woe!
 And give me ever on the road
 To trace thy footsteps, O my God!
 My passions lull, my spirit calm,
 And make this lion heart a lamb;
 And give me, all my life, to be
 A sacrifice to love and thee."

"THE MOTHER'S DREAM."

THE beautiful verses under this heading in our last number, a correspondent informs us, are by Miss Hannah F. Gould, and may be found in the third volume of her Poems.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints, illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D., Author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — "Dr. Guthrie's Discourses," says the Westminster, certainly an impartial judge in the matter, "manifest a very commanding eloquence"; nevertheless, the preacher's style is too ambitious for our taste. The listener, if he were satisfied with them, would be more likely to speak admiringly of the rhetoric, than to be still under the burden of awakened or deepened convictions. We are free to say that they would weary us, and that we should long for plainer Gospel bread. The way to the hearts of men is far more direct; and if we have something which is good for them to know, we can say it in simpler phrase, as those who believe in life and death, and good and evil, and deliverance and judgment. In some instances, the endeavor not to be dull has sadly misled the preacher. We are at loss, for example, to understand how a man evidently of so much power and culture could have painted the picture which is to be found in the first sermon, of Lazarus going about from house to house in his grave-clothes. Still, we are bound to add, that there is a simple directness in the thought, if not in the style, of the preacher, — a freedom from metaphysical subtleties which is very refreshing. E.

The Evening of Life; or, Light and Comfort amidst the Shadows of Declining Years. By REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D. A New Edition, revised and much enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — This book is in every way fitted to enlighten and console the aged. The large and clear type indicates a thoughtful and tender regard for failing vision. E.

The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long-Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — On the side of a sharp hill in the county of Berks, England, there is a figure of a horse cut in the turf which covers a substratum of chalk, and so gives the animal to the eye in white. The monument is unquestionably very old, and in all probability owes its origin to some

striking passage in ancient English story, — precisely what, it would be hard for the most acute or the most imaginative antiquarian to say. Not every day, but once a year, the horse needs to be thoroughly cleaned; and in good times, when old things are duly honored, and the right value is set upon popular amusements, the occasion becomes festal, with due accompaniment of games and jollity, not, as we should judge, and as might have been looked for in an imperfect world, without a tendency to abuse. The "scouring" for 1857 receives ample justice in this book, which is well worthy of a writer so favorably introduced to man and boy by "Tom Brown's School Days." A healthy spirit, like an October breeze, breathes upon the reader, and his faith in God and humanity, especially in the issues of modern civilization, in the possibility of using the world as not abusing it, and in maintaining an uncloistered piety and purity, grows stronger as he turns the pages, so bright, and yet so well laden with reverent thought. We wish that we could believe that the descriptions of farm-life in England are not a good deal in *couleur de rose*, but it will do no harm to idealize a little. It is serviceable sometimes to men, and to classes of men, to have a better name than they quite deserve. It is an encouragement to win it. The only *caveat* that we feel obliged to enter, relates to the very free, and we suppose very *English*, treatment of the use of stimulants by "men in health," as the old temperance tracts (they will soon, it is to be feared, be needed again) used to say. We should feel a great deal of anxiety about any friend who in our climate, and considering the vile compounds often sold as pure liquors, should go on after the manner of the *dramatis personæ* in this bright little book. Persons who live a healthy out-of-door life cannot require so much artificial stimulus, though the injurious effects of it may not be immediately apparent. We fear that our community is laying up for itself some sad experience in this matter, and a word in season will not be amiss.

E.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company. — An index covering the contents of the ten volumes from 1850 to 1859, inclusive, adds value to this year's issue of a most reliable and useful work, the merits of which are everywhere recognized.

E.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, REV. WM. GEORGE HAWKINS, A. M. Boston: John P. Jewett. — This is an

interesting biography of the leader of that Washingtonian movement which attracted so much attention, and, spite of all qualifications, wrought so much good, a few years since. The story is well told ; — more diffusely than is necessary, for life is short, — and yet to good purpose. It is worth noticing that the foundation for Hawkins's reformation was laid in the moral and religious impressions of his earlier days. He wandered far, but the hand of the Lord was upon him, and brought him back.

E.

Eddie Ellerslie ; or, Old Friends with New Faces. By A. L. O. E. — *The Mine ; or, Darkness and Light.* By the Same. — New York : Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — These little books are simply and pleasantly written, and are fitted to guide the minds and hearts of the young into good paths.

E.

The State of the Impenitent Dead. By ALVAH HOVEY, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — A careful and thoughtful discussion of a most momentous subject by one who feels its awful importance, and who does not flippantly and pitilessly fling at the impenitent the threat of everlasting torment. We cannot, however, accept Dr. Hovey's exegetical results, or enter into the force of his abstract reasonings. As we read the Bible, a deep mystery hangs over that issue of Sin which is said to be Death. It seems to us to be a part of the wisdom which is from above, that this fearful obscurity should hang over the future of impenitence. It is certainly implied by many Scriptures, that the soul can die ; that if neglected it will die ; but it is written just as plainly, that the great multitude of souls are now in a state of death, dead in trespasses and sins, — souls that can only be raised by the blessed redemption of the Christ. The spiritual and moral life seems to be, to a fearful extent, in our own keeping. It is a large part of the tragedy of our existence, that each one of us must be, and must be what he chooses to be, saint or sinner, angel or fiend ; but then, on the other hand, we cannot contemplate without a sense of utter dismay and heart-sickness a world of lost souls from which the Spirit of God has been utterly and for ever grieved away. In the words of Scripture, we speak of "the eternal life," of "the kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world" ; in the same words, we speak of "the eternal death," and of "the kingdom pre-

pared," let it be observed, not for us, but "for the Devil and his angels." It is a subject upon which we cannot argue; pray, plead, weep, one may, but not argue. We are not cold-blooded enough, or, if you please, not dogmatically clear and consistent enough for that. E.

The Rights of Wrong; or, Is Evil Eternal? By C. F. HUDSON. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. — This little pamphlet is No. 4 of a series of "Tracts for Thinking Men and Women." Mr. Hudson is a vigorous, earnest, revering, and humane thinker, and well furnished with the theological learning which the proper treatment of his high theme demands. E.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — The son, in discharging the office of filial affection, has made a very entertaining book, and sketched some pictures of literary life in England which will be quite new to many. It is especially satisfactory to learn from the best testimony, that they were mistaken who have set down the satirist and humorist as a cynic, a barking dog to be carefully avoided. One who for any cause feels bound to be always smart or funny, or on the alert to find something to ridicule, lives under a terrible necessity, and is a sorely tempted man; but in this instance the day seems not to have been beyond the strength. The book is well worth reading. E.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO, Member of the Institute. Translated by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, the Rev. BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — We have two series of these biographies. The autobiography of Arago himself, with which the first volume opens, taxes our faith rather severely, and is exceedingly French; but it is fresh and entertaining. The notes of the translators are evidently much needed; they serve their purpose well, and correct many errors into which the author's prejudices betrayed him. So edited, the volumes are exceedingly interesting, and will be welcome, not only to men of science, but to a much larger circle of readers. We would call the attention of the young to the sketch of Watt, whose character as a man is worth even more than his great fame as inventor of the steam-engine in its first really available form. E.

Le Cabinet des Fées, or Recreative Readings, arranged for the Express Use of Students in French. By GEORGES GÉRARD, A. M. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. — Much better adapted for the young, we should judge, than Charles the Twelfth, or Telemachus. It is, besides, well printed and strongly bound, two excellent features in a school-book. E.

The Manual of Chess: containing the Elementary Principles of the Game; illustrated with numerous Diagrams, recent Games, and Original Problems. By CHARLES KENNY. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. — An exceedingly attractive and convenient little treatise upon one of the best of games. E.

The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. 1859. — We have not found the time to make a critical examination of this Manual, but we are confident that, if the author has followed Professor Crosby with success, he cannot be far out of the way. E.

The Wolf-Boy of China; or, Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyn Payo. By WILLIAM DALTON. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1859. — This book contains a great deal of information with reference to Chinese manners and customs, and the young find it very attractive. E.

The Herald of Light for March, 1859. — This is a monthly journal edited by Rev. T. L. Harris, and is devoted to the cause of Christian Spiritualism, which, in Mr. Harris's case, includes the essential doctrines of New Church theology. Once in our journeyings we wandered one Sunday morning into Mr. Harris's congregation, expecting to be treated to the usual platitudes of Spiritualism, and were surprised when we heard Jesus Christ and him glorified preached with a most subduing power and unction, till the Lord's presence was almost visible, and "fragrance filled the room." Since then we have read everything from his pen that has come in our way, including the "Arcana of Christianity." The world-souls, the pivotal men, the aromal worlds, the wonderful flora of the planets, the lost orb, and such like, we must ascribe to Mr. Harris's splendid imagination abnor-

mally intensified. But three things are patent enough. First, his warm grasp upon three grand and central truths, — the essential Divinity of Christ, the plenary sanctity and inspiration of the Divine Word, and the doctrine of an unselfish and devoted life, into which all truth must pass and be ultimated in order to save, — and these three doctrines lovingly embraced must clear away all the fantasies at last, until our brother sees the firmament above him clear as the upper sky. Secondly, Mr. Harris has a charity so warm and comprehending, that we can feel his sentences throb with it as we read them. And thirdly, his morality has almost an angelic sweetness and purity. His article on "Marriage and Divorce," in the June number of the Herald, is worthy of being inscribed on every home altar in Christendom. So long as he holds these primal doctrines, and this pure morality, and makes others believe them and live them, our heart and hand go out towards him with a most fervent fraternal love. s.

Street Thoughts. By REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, Pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — These fugitive pieces will prove as attractive and profitable, now that they have been bound into a goodly sheaf, as when they were lying about at the mercy of the elements.

E.

Working and Trusting: Scenes from the Children's Mission. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Better than any formal plea for this noble and truly radical work of benevolence are these life-pictures. May they draw the attention of the thoughtful and kind-hearted to an enterprise of charity, say rather of *justice*, second to none in our day, whether in the spirit that prompts, or in the wisdom that guides it.

E.

A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciations of the Popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Mr. Wilson believes that the popular histories of the Conquest of Mexico, including those of Robertson and Prescott, are little better than romance, and that the Spanish authorities on which they rely abound not merely in exaggerations, but pure inventions. Mr. Wilson is a lawyer, and he insists on a lawyer's privilege of "sifting the evidence"; and this he does with considerable acumen, and rather too evident a satisfac-

tion in finding flaws and blunders. He impeaches the Spanish authorities mainly on three grounds. First, the intrinsic improbabilities of their story, in which are woven pretended miracles which nobody believes. Secondly, they contradict each other so continually and grossly, that they must not merely have made mistakes, but wholesale fabrications. The three principal authorities are the despatches of Cortez, the narrative of Gomara, his chaplain, and that of Bernal Diaz, one of his men, which last was not written till fifty years after the conquest, and bears internal evidence of being a forgery. They are totally irreconcilable with each other. But, thirdly, the topography of the country, which Mr. Wilson has thoroughly explored, demonstrates, he says, the physical impossibility of the truth of these narratives. Applying these touches, the splendid story of the Aztec civilization becomes a mere myth, got up by the conquerors for effect at home. The magnificent cities become the mud villages of Indians not much in advance of the Iroquois in the arts of life. They did *not* offer human sacrifices nor eat each other, those stories being invented by Cortez and his men to excuse their own abominable cruelties. The ancient temples which the Spaniards found in Central America, and which Mr. Stephens has since given us some account of, were not of Indian, but of Phœnician origin, and were relics of a civilization and of a race which had passed away long before the Spanish conquest. These the Spaniards mistook for Indian temples. The pretended Indian picture-writing is the forgery of monks, and bears unmistakable internal evidence of being so.

We shall not undertake to be umpire between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Prescott. It is quite evident, however, that, while the confidence of the reader in the Spanish authorities will be essentially shaken, he will also see that Mr. Wilson has used his "lawyer's privilege" after a lawyer's method, and not after the method of the historian. In fact, the book is a lawyer's plea from beginning to end, with a special case to be made out, with slurs upon the witnesses on the opposite side; and it nowhere rises to calm judicial impartiality. Mr. Prescott's honesty of purpose is nowhere questioned; and, if living, no one would welcome the investigation with more candor than he, and no one, alas! would tell us so well where lies the golden mean in which the truth is to be found.

S.

Readings for Young Men, Merchants, and Men of Business. Reprinted from the London Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. —

This is a small volume of 172 pages, and no better advice could be addressed to young men seeking for the highest success, than this book contains. Nearly one hundred topics are treated of, in essays which are short, pithy, and spiced with anecdote. The moral tone is good, character being placed before gain, and integrity being paramount to worldly success. S.

Morality and the State. By SIMEON NASH.—An ethical treatise of 442 pages, written with ability and perspicuity. It discusses the questions of man's moral nature, the grounds of morality, the duties of the individual towards God, towards himself, and towards others, the foundations of the state, its limitations and duties, its forms of organization, and the duties of the citizen under it. The work is the result of much thought and discussion, and was written by the author in the intervals of judicial duties. S.

Charity Green, or the Varieties of Love. By THOMAS HARTMANN. New York: John W. Norton.—This is a romance, the scene of which lies principally in England. The author says in the Preface, that, though names are veiled, every personage in the volume is sketched from life-reality. The phenomena of trance-vision come in to develop the plot. We have not finished the reading of it, and can only witness to the beauty of style, the power of graphic description, the blending humor and pathos, with which the book is written. The interest is remarkably sustained, and the pictures from life are very vivid. S.

PAMPHLETS.

An Historical Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield, is an important contribution, by an honest and able divine, to the history of the rupture in the great body of New England Congregationalists, which we can never cease to regret. It is understood that this discourse will call forth a rejoinder. If there is another side, we shall be glad to hear it. The depth and sincerity of Dr. Willard's convictions, and the earnestness of his purpose, have been put beyond question by a life of singular Christian fidelity.—The parishioners and many friends of Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, of the Second Church, Boston, will read the Sermon preached by him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination with great interest.—Seventeenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in the City of Providence, by EDWIN M. STONE, and the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Seaman's Aid Society of the City of Boston, are interesting Reports of two benevolent enterprises. E.